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SKETCHES OF CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS.

No. XI.—*Maria Edgeworth.*

We should incur the contempt of Miss Edgeworth, if we were to affect to treat her with any peculiar forbearance on account of her sex. The character of our previous speculations on the authors of our day is, we trust, a sufficient warrant to our readers that we shall not indulge in scurrility or wilful misrepresentation; and within this limit, to which we confine ourselves, not for her sake, but for our own, there is no freedom of discussion which the lady, whose name we have just set down, would not herself grant to us. She would do so on principle. But she has nothing to fear in so doing. For no one, who is capable of understanding her works, could feel even a moment's temptation to visit her with the slightest disrespect. Her talents would ensure to her a high degree of admiration, if any talents could in themselves be admirable; but her evident wish to do good, however men may differ in judgment as to her success, *must* always obtain esteem. Independently in a great degree of these merits, she has secured to herself another ground of favourable consideration. For a large and active portion of the instructed society of England connect her name with the remembrance of much early enjoyment. We know not any mode whereby the friendly sympathy of so many persons may be won, as by writing agreeable books for children. In an age which is not so often happy as in later life we are commonly willing to persuade ourselves, such books as 'Harry and Lucy,' and the 'Parent's Assistant,' supply a keen and enduring pleasure; and we look back to them with the more delight, because there are seldom many points in our childhood to which we can thus recur. He, in whose infant hands these little volumes have been placed, associates them, through all the turbulence or dullness of his after days, with the brook, the bridge, the ruined castle, the hay-field, the orchard, and the bank of primroses, which supplied to these tales, no less than to his own existence, a beautiful and heart-felt scenery. That 'wisdom' of feeling, which 'sits with children round its knees,' would prevent us from speaking harshly of Miss Edgeworth, if we were for an instant so inclined, and would hold up the smiles of infancy to turn aside the deadlier weapons of criticism.

This lady has been tolerably miscellaneous in the forms of her writings, but not so in the substance. Letters, essays, dramas, narratives, all seem written on one plan, and intended for one single purpose. Her novels are the most celebrated, the most voluminous, and, perhaps, the best of her works. They have somewhat declined in celebrity, but they must always have a certain value as pictures in the Irish national gallery; and their present comparative obscurity arises, not from any difference of opinion on this point, but from the riotous popularity of the more varied, animated, and picturesque productions which our age has so profusely multiplied. Miss Edgeworth, or rather her system, has little chance of any brilliant success in a contest of this kind. For though few of the writers of fiction, in our time and country, have a clear or adequate idea of the laws and object of art, many of them feel that it has rules and purposes of its own, which make it an end in itself, and not a mere accessory, or in-

strument of some other design. Miss Edgeworth always has some one definite moral aim; and we read her works, not as specimens of ideal creation, but as lectures on matters of social convenience. She wishes to instruct and improve the world; and, with this view, she has written tales for children of various ages, for persons of the more ignorant classes, and for ladies and gentlemen. Of all the personages whom she brings upon the stage in these narratives, the most real and lively are the Irish poor. The three great describers of the lower orders of Irishmen are; Miss Edgeworth, Lady Morgan, and the Author of the *Nowlans*. The portraits of the last named author, perhaps, in some degree exaggerate the energy, and those of Lady Morgan the oddity, of their countrymen. The fault of Miss Edgeworth is of another kind. Her figures are too much detached, and filed to fit the niche. They are framed and glazed, or dried and pressed, like specimens in a *hortus siccius*. There is evidently much about these descriptions which results from long and accurate observation. But there is also something which comes from the resolution to embody an abstract idea. She has philosophised upon irregularity, till she has made it almost systematic. The potatoe is served, not only with the coat off, (itself an abomination to all true Milesians,) but after having been subjected to some process of French cookery. Yet we thank her for this part of her works. She was the first writer who gave us an idea of an Irishman, as aught else than a compound of thick legs and bold blunders; and cried down the brass money which had so long been passing in foreign countries for the genuine national coin. Herein she rendered a great service; for the Irishman is not only an admirable addition to our list of personages, but a being whom it especially behoves us to study and to understand. To comprehend him thoroughly, to know with how many splendid gifts the varied influence of natural circumstances supplied him, and to how deep a criminality he has been driven by that British Constitution, which stepped in, like the malignant fairy, in the fable, to render all those gifts of no avail,—to acquire this knowledge, it will not be sufficient to read Miss Edgeworth. But she will, undoubtedly, give large assistance, provided we remember always, that her own philosophy is completely one of calculation, and that she is not, therefore, the best judge of a being of impulse, any more than a painter whose eye has been entirely educated for form, can be trusted in delineating colour. But it is not the same with regard to her gentlemen and ladies. In most of her portraits of this kind, nothing is valuable but the system which they embody. She makes the elements and essence of her personages consist of certain principles of morals, and, in the attempt to invest them with life and individuality, she exaggerates some accidental differences, makes them stiff with elaborate ease, and, while she endeavours to keep them in perpetual motion, breaks the very spring which impels the automatons. As her single figures are not 'portraits,' nor any of her novels that ideal whole, which we commonly call an 'historical picture,' we can only consider them as manifestations of a system; and to this system we must direct our attention.

The main tendency of her opinions is to exalt the understanding over the feelings, and to direct it to the one object of procuring happiness for

the individual. Herein she seems, to us, to be wrong. If we cultivate the understanding, and make it the guide and master of the feelings, their natural goodness will be entirely stifled or perverted; and it is only in the full development of these, that happiness and virtue are to be found. But if we cherish, in the first place, all the better impulses, and let them govern both the understanding and the reason, as their instruments, the intellectual powers will be called forth just as strongly as if their perfection were the final object of desire, and, instead of being limited to our personal sphere, will be taught to expand more widely, and to embrace the vast domain of the universe, to every portion of which the free sympathies of man will more nearly or more distantly unite him. But Miss Edgeworth is unhappily but one of that large class of ethical writers who maintain, that we must look solely to the improvement of the thinking faculties of men for any chance of ameliorating their condition.—That there is one simple, undeniable principle—the wish for our own enjoyment—which forms the foundation of all ethics.—That we must consider the right regulation of this principle as the only means of producing moral good.—And that, if we could elevate mankind to the condition of pure intelligences, we should have done all that is possible for securing human happiness. Among these persons, several French and some English writers are especially conspicuous; but by far the most remarkable body of them flourished in France during the last century. These were men, not indeed of much eloquence, not of profound meditation, or very extensive views,—but persons of exceeding acuteness, of inimitable talent for subtle ridicule and grave satire, of keen observation for detecting the lurking basenesses of motive and character,—of more fancy than feeling, and more wit than wisdom. It would not be difficult to show to what extent this system prevailed in the ancient Greek philosophy, or to trace it in English writers, previous to Miss Edgeworth. We shall not now attempt this; but we would remark, that the doctrine contains one point particularly calling for observation. The great assumption, which stands as the cornerstone of this theory, is the statement, that every human being acts from the one *sole* motive of a regard to his own enjoyment. The degree to which this belief has haunted the literature of France, is a singular phenomenon; and we find it broadly laid down in the 'Thoughts' of a man of a far higher stamp, and nobler school, than the succeeding philosophers of his country, the unhappy but illustrious Pascal. He tells us:

* It is one of the great peculiarities of Mr. Coleridge's philosophical writings, that they uniformly dwell upon the distinction between these faculties, as being laid in the foundations of the human mind. He has, unfortunately, been far less listened to than he deserves. A late article, in the *Edinburgh Review*, on German Literature, supports this same belief; but puts it forward as if it were to be found only in German writers, and were utterly unknown in our native metaphysics. The author of the paper in question, though an able and instructed writer, and animated by an excellent spirit, is yet evidently ignorant of the works of Coleridge, and has therefore, in some instances, gone abroad for truths which he might have found at home. Perhaps, however, we ought to conclude, from the past conduct of the rulers of the 'Edinburgh Review,' that they would not have admitted any praise of the first of living English philosophers.

'All men, without a single exception, desire to be happy. However various may be the methods they employ, this is the end at which they all aim. It is this same desire, accompanied in each by different views, which make one man join the army, and another stay at home. *The will never takes the slightest step but towards this object. This is the motive of every action of every man, even of him who hangs himself.*'*

The supporters of this doctrine will tell us, be it remembered, that, by the enjoyment which they maintain to be the object of all human actions, they do not mean the kind of gratification sought for by what is commonly called self-interest. They include the pleasures of sympathy in their list of motives; and their proposition, therefore, amounts to this, that the desire, which prompts us to commit every action of our lives, is a desire to procure for ourselves enjoyment of some kind or other, and that the motive of what would commonly be called the most generous exertion, is a wish for the satisfaction to be obtained by ourselves from the success of that exertion, or from the complacency with which we regard the exertion itself. Now this is not a dogma, the truth or falsehood of which is to be shown by any reference to history. We may search all the records of past experience to establish a fact which our consciousness is sufficient to demonstrate; namely, that the highest enjoyment does arise from the performance of generous actions; but we shall not then have approached at all nearer to a solution of the difficulty, unless we can also show, that the aim which governed the mind, previously to the performance of such actions,—that the object to procure which they were performed,—was the pleasure that we know must have followed them:—unless it can be proved that the gratification of the individual, as it was to be the consequence, must, therefore, have been the cause of his conduct. Here is the matter at issue between the sects; and the advocates of the system in question must immediately be worsted, unless they can venture to affirm, that no wish is ever present to the mind, previous to the performance of any action, except the desire for our own enjoyment. On this subject there is no judge but our own experience,—no oracle but in our bosoms; to this arbiter we must refer for an answer, and before this tribunal we may safely challenge our opponents. The natural infirmities of the mind, degrading systems of education, corrupt forms of government, sophistical codes of morality, and the tyrannous laws of a public opinion, which these things, together with partial, though despotic, interests, and an ignorance consecrated by ages, have united to pollute and pervert,—all these have exercised an almost unrestrained dominion over every human being. There is no one living who has not ample cause to blush at the recollection, and weep over the effects, of habitual and almost unnoticed immoralities,—if not to feel a remorse, which most of us are doomed to experience, for errors of a deeper dye. Yet there is not, we may trust, a single individual of our species, who cannot draw consolation from remembering at least one moment of unmingled virtue, in which, without shrinking from personal danger, and without a thought of personal enjoyment, his voice has been uplifted to warn, or his hand outstretched to save. We may not have rescued a life by perilling our own: we may not have exalted a nation from wretchedness, by presenting ourselves as victims to the swift vengeance of the dungeon and the scaffold, or to the more agonizing martyrdom of long and universal obloquy; we may

* 'Tous les hommes desirant d'être heureux: cela est sans exception. Quelque différents moyens qu'ils y employent, ils tendent tous à ce but. Ce qui fait que l'un va à la guerre, et que l'autre n'y va pas, c'est ce même désir qui est dans tous les deux, accompagné de différentes vues. La volonté ne fait jamais la moindre démarche que vers cet objet. C'est le motif de toutes les actions de tous les hommes, jusqu'à ceux qui se tuent et qui se pendent.'—*Pensées de Pascal*, xxi. 1.

not have sacrificed our dearest and most intimate affections in the cause of truth, and charity, and religion;—but who is there that cannot cheer his hours of sorrow, or calm the fierceness of inquietude, by recalling some unostentatious impulse of love, some humble deed of self-denial, which has gushed pure from the fresh fountains and deep recesses of the spirit, undarkened by a tinge of that feeling which aims but at our own pleasure? Such sensations are the most consoling enjoyments, such recollections are the holiest relics, which our existence affords; but make the prospect of this delight the object of our exertions, and it will fly from the grasp that seeks it. It is a shadow which follows the journeyings, and will assuredly bless the aspirations, of virtue; but it for ever eludes our embrace, when we turn back from the appointed path to pursue its footsteps. It has been wisely ordained, that on the purity of the motive shall depend the sweetness of the reward—that, if we calculate the amount of the hire, the worthless task will have been performed in vain. We can never hope to participate in this noblest gratification, this solemn harmony of the soul, but by cherishing that inward glory and immortal fire, which, like the coal from the altar, has power to purify our lips, and, like the blazing column, will guide our footsteps through the wilderness. And for those, in whose breasts it has been choked and stifled, to them we cannot prove the existence of feelings, on which they have habitually trampled. These men have thrown away that which is of greater price than members, or organs, or senses; and the boldness of their unbelief is a guarantee for nothing but the misery and debasement of their condition.

But it may be replied, you merely delude yourselves with a dream of unnatural sentiment. You arrive, by habit, at hiding from your own apprehensions the feelings under which you act; and the calculation, whether any benevolent action which you contemplate will procure enjoyment, is, at length, performed so rapidly, that you overlook the steps of the process. Such is a common, and a bold assertion, the refutation of which is simply this:—We have no evidence as to the state of our minds, under any circumstances, except from consciousness; and there are innumerable cases in which we are conscious of no such process as that supposed, but are conscious of sensations directly opposed to, and utterly incompatible with, it. Again, it will be asserted, the desire of performing a beneficent action is a want analogous to hunger, and the gratification of it is attended with pleasure, as is the satisfying our appetite with food. But the obvious and direct tendency of appeasing the cravings of hunger is, to give pleasure to no one but ourselves; the plain and immediate effect of this supposed moral want is, to give enjoyment to others; and when the cases differ in so material a circumstance, it is an impudent assumption of the whole matter in dispute, to infer that they are similar in other respects. Here, as before, it is merely assertion against assertion. But the statement of the disciples of Epicurus and Bentham is sometimes, we may trust, rendered worthless even by their own conduct; and there are men that maintain this theory, who, if a case occurred that required their exertions, would undoubtedly rush forward, without a moment's reference to self, in the might of that glorious impulse which they deny in words, but which would best be demonstrated by the overpowering voices of their own bosoms.

Even allowing that the greater part of men are conscious of no such feelings,—an opinion which the hearts of the most ignorant and debased of our kind are powerful to refute,—even allowing this, yet are there recorded spirits of a loftier nature, and deeds of a purer beneficence, with which we never can sympathise, but by lifting our minds to the conception of emotions far different from those imputed to the whole species. When

we picture the Swiss patriot who hurled himself on the spears of Burgundy for the salvation of his country, is it possible to imagine that, during those moments of brief and burning excitement, any sentiment can have throbbled in his breast, but the passion to redeem a people from instant and overwhelming tyranny. Or stand in the dungeons of the martyr, and he will be seen looking through its shadows, to the prospect of a futurity that shall exalt the destinies of mankind; not colling his soul into its own recesses, to meditate on the reward of his sufferings, but with hopes that embrace all time and all existence, and with a brow that throbs, and an eye that gleams, under the vision of generations yet to come, who will find in his memory the prolific seeds of human amelioration, and will kindle a torch to enlighten the world, at the eternal flame which burns in the tomb of the persecuted philosopher.

It seems to many minds the most certain of all the phenomena in the science of moral philosophy,—it is one of the truths of which we have not the slightest doubt,—that the enjoyment, which we are intended to derive from the practice of virtue, is entirely dependent on the motive under which we act. Thus far we may agree with our opponents—that it is the duty of every man, to build up his own mind into the greatest perfection of which it is susceptible. But as to the character in which that perfection consists, we should differ on every point. That perfection is dependent far more on the moral excellence, than on the intellectual power, of the mind, inasmuch as he is more likely to arrive at his object, who pursues the right path, at however great a distance, than he who, apparently far nearer, and journeying more rapidly, yet moves in a wrong direction. The object of the purest and noblest ambition must ever be, in despite of passion and of interest, to rear, from that holy germ which is planted in the heart of every man, the healing and immortal herb, the *Moly* of a purer deity than Hermes, and of a wiser than Pallas, which alone can strengthen us against temptation, and alone can soothe us in sorrow; than which no other can enable us to be uniformly ministers to the happiness of others, and thereby to secure our own. It was in cherishing these seeds of love, and feeding them with the sustenance of lofty thoughts—it was in this labour that Plato lived his life, and Socrates encountered death; it was this endeavour which enlightened the blindness, and consecrated the studies, of Milton; it is this high exertion which has poured over the pages of Leighton and of Pestalozzi his flood of tenderness and beauty; it is to such glorious attempts, neglected as they are, by self-styled philosophers, for the miserable triumphs of vanity, and the degrading struggles of avarice and sensuality; it is to such attempts that we must look for all real improvement of our kind: for the principle of the soul's perfection is universal love—the principle which has made the martyrs, the heroes, the poets, and the philosophers of the world, the strength of the humble, the only consolation of the broken spirit.

The most important influence of philosophical belief is that which it exerts on the education of the young. To this purpose Miss Edgeworth has directed her opinions, and exactly in proportion as her moral system is false, are her schemes of education erroneous. We do not say that it is not an object with her to make men self-denying, benevolent, brave, and true; but that the main end which she proposes to herself is, to produce the habit of governing the mind by calculation and self-interest. The basis of her plan is the general principle, that we should associate pleasure with whatever we wish that our pupils should pursue, and pain with whatever we wish that they should avoid. Now, this practice will infallibly tend to consecrate, in the eyes of children, the belief that they ought to make their own enjoyment the object of their actions; and, to say nothing of the impossibility of any man uniformly

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Morning Critica No. 2

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calculating rightly, the custom, of constantly regarding the result of our actions to ourselves, produces a selfish state of mind, which necessarily brings with it discontent and misery. Moreover, if we make the motive of conduct to be the prospect of the consequences which we have experienced to follow certain actions, those consequences having sprung from the arrangement and will of the persons around us, we shall speedily learn, when we get beyond the domain of these prepared influences, that the same discipline and government are no longer at work, and we shall cease to let our past experience control us, when we know that we are released from any similar operation for the future. It may, undoubtedly, be said, in defence of Miss Edgeworth's principle, though not of her application of it, that, by the ordination of God and the nature of man, suffering is consequent upon evil doing, and that enjoyment waits upon the footsteps of virtue. But this is not the suffering or the enjoyment where, with Miss Edgeworth would pay or punish. This system is one which, being founded in the first principles of humanity, must always be independent of times and circumstances; but it is one of the gravest defects of the plan we are considering, that it almost entirely omits to make use of the means supplied to us by the Creator. Miss Edgeworth founds none of her processes upon the feeling of the difference between right and wrong, upon the innate tendency to benevolence, or upon the idea of the Divine Nature, of which the seed is sown within us. When the foundation of rock is ready for the hands of the mason, she prefers to build upon the sand. and with all that is most permanent and precious, the very essential elements of the universe, given to us as the grounds and materials of education, she would betake herself to a shadow and a sound. But the object she would attain cannot thus be reached; nor is it possible to sustain a superstructure of granite on a base of vapour. If the two kinds of improvement were inconsistent, the world could better be without the inventions of art, and the discoveries of science, without steam-engines and political economy, than it could want earnestness and goodness, kindly affections, generosity, piety, and truth. But, thanks be to Heaven! there is no such inconsistency; and the more freely and completely our best feelings are developed, the stronger will be our motives for pursuing every inquiry, and undergoing every labour, which can lead to the advantage of mankind.

DRAKE'S MORNINGS IN SPRING.

Mornings in Spring; or, Retrospections, Biographical, Critical, and Historical. By Nathan Drake, M.D., &c. 2 vols. 12mo. Murray. London, 1828.

This is a soft and gentle title, fitted to awaken a thousand pleasant dreams, and recal the sweetest and balmiest recollections of youth. It is, in fact, just such a title as we should expect an amiable man, whose life has been spent in a happy literary retirement, to give to a book dedicated to friendly thoughts and retrospections. The distinguishing peculiarities of Doctor Drake's literary character are, his mild and quiet habits of thought, his delight in the verdant and sunny walks of human learning, and his fondness for making every inquiry he pursues, the medium for a pure and happy-toned morality. There is no work of this amiable writer which we should not wish to have by us, in the hours when others are equal, or even greater, celebrity will probably have lost their charm. His soothing views of existence, even in its periods of languor and decline, the amenity of his style and felicitous selection of pleasing and tender images, all admirably conduce to make his writings rank high among those we would carry with us into retirement, and make the companions of our solitude. Doctor Drake's style strongly resembles that of his own favourite Pliny. The

same love of rural retirement, the same gentle philosophy and vein of tender thought, distinguish both; and we can turn from the writings of the Roman to those of the philosopher of Hadleigh with scarce an interruption, to the quiet course of our reflections.

The interesting work on our table, consists of twenty-two papers; the subjects of which are drawn either from the author's own recollections of departed worth, or from the fairest pages of literary history. The introductory paper is on the moral and literary associations connected with the Spring, and is in the usually elegant manner of the author; full of reflections on the beautiful objects the season brings forth, and deepened in its general tone by the private feelings and circumstances of the writer. Equally interesting is the paper which follows, on the epistles of Pliny. Those which contain an historical account of the Cliffords of Craven, and some particulars respecting that flower of chivalry, Sir Philip Sidney, are, perhaps, the most interesting in the work, but are unfit for extracting from, on account of their numerous illustrations, drawn from other sources. We, therefore, prefer taking our first specimen from the curious and interesting paper on Drummond of Hawthornden; whose merits as a poet, full of the old rural feelings of our earlier writers, are, generally, little known:

'See from our native Britain's fair domains,
With friendly emulation, Bards appear!
See them the *Tuscan Muses'* banner rear,
And waft *Valchiusa* to our sterner plains:
Hear George Spenser, gallant Sidney's strains,
And Drummond, to the Woodland Sisters dear.

CAPEL LOFFT.

'There are few recollections more delightful than those which are called up by a retrospect of the beautiful and romantic scenery which has been visited in early life. Impressions are then made which, as long as the faculties remain entire, no after-time has power to efface, so blended are they, so indissolubly associated with all that, during this spring-tide of our existence, is wont to spread around our path a fairy charm.

'It was under the influence of this hope-inspiring season of life,

'When the heart promis'd what the fancy drew,
That I enjoyed the opportunity of visiting many of the most striking and picturesque combinations of scenery in the vicinity of Edinburgh, and in the western Highlands of Scotland.

'Amongst those in the neighbourhood of the capital, none engaged more of my attention, or have been, from various causes, remembered with more pleasure, than the lovely Banks of the Esk, presenting, as they do, so many spots rendered in no ordinary degree interesting by traditionary lore and literary reminiscences.

'The sweetly plaintive air entitled '*Roslin Castle*' has given a kind of general celebrity to one of the most favoured of these scenes, favoured, indeed, not more by the hand of nature than by the presence of those vestiges of hoar antiquity which almost involuntarily excite in the mind a countless host of retrospections.

'Beside these attractions for the antiquary and the lover of landscape, the village of Roslin, situated not more than eight miles from Edinburgh, offers a most delicious retreat in the summer, for parties of all ranks and tastes, who, tempted by the profusion of fine strawberries which are cultivated in its gardens for the public palate, are often seen here during the season, in immense numbers. It is not, however, on an occasion like this that Roslin should be visited for the purpose of entering into the character of its scenery, as it is in no degree accords with a display which, however cheerful and amusing for a short time, altogether breaks in upon that romantic seclusion, that wild yet solemn grandeur, which every man of feeling would, in such a place, endeavour to preserve inviolate.

'It was not indeed until the claims of friendship induced me to revisit Roslin, for the purpose of consoling the languid hours of an invalid companion, who had chosen its woods and rocks for the advantages of retirement and country air, that I possessed an opportunity fully adequate to the due enjoyment of the peculiar beauties which so remarkably distinguish this place and the adjacent banks of the Esk.

'From Roslin to Hawthornden, a spot dear to the lovers of poetry as the birth-place and residence of

William Drummond, the Petrarch of Scotland, there is a moderate and delightful walk through woods and fields. Nothing can be more romantic than the site of the poet's house, which is placed, like an eagle's nest, on the verge of a precipitous rock, in whose sides have been cut by human art, in an age of remote antiquity, caves of vast extent, whilst, at its foot, rolls the beautiful stream of the Esk through a deep green or valley, richly skirted with wood.

'It was with feelings of no ordinary gratification, that, with the poet's sonnets in my hand, I first traced this lovely and sequestered scene; and it is scarcely with less pleasure that even now, at the distance of nearly forty years, I once more revert, though but in memory's tablet, to its classic shades, endeavouring at the same time to collect, with that partiality for retrospection which advancing age so fondly cherishes, some circumstances of the life and literary leisure of one who has thrown around the woods and the caves of Hawthornden the associations and celebrity of a second *Vaulse*.

'William Drummond, son of Sir Robert Drummond, and allied to the royal family of Scotland by the marriage of the sister of his ancestor, William Drummond of Carnock, to Robert the Third, was born at Hawthornden, the seat of his father, on the 13th of December, 1585. Having received an excellent education at Edinburgh, at first in the High School, and subsequently in the University of the same place, where, in the year 1606, he took his degree of Master of Arts, he was, at the age of twenty-one, sent by his father, who had destined him for the legal profession, to attend lectures on the civil law at Bourges in France.

'After a residence of four years on the Continent, during which he had diligently and successfully pursued his studies, he returned to Scotland in 1610, and with the intention of practising the law; but the death of his father, which occurred a few months after he had reached home, and his own preponderating attachment to the *belles lettres*, together with very limited desires as to the possession of wealth, induced him, at the age of twenty-five, to retire to his paternal estate, where, uninterrupted by the turmoil of the world, he might devote himself to his beloved books, and the nurture of his poetical talents.

'To a mind thus early disposed and prepared to enjoy and to improve the advantages of solitude, no situation could be better adapted than the romantic seclusion of Hawthornden, a spot which, from the beauty and sublimity of its scenery, would seem purposely suited to foster and expand the powers of imagination; and here, indeed, it was that the best and earliest of his poems were composed.

'How deeply he was imbued with those sentiments and feelings which, even in the spring-time of life, lead their charmed votary from the busy haunts of man, will be evident from the two following sonnets, written during this period of his residence at Hawthornden, and taken, indeed, from poems, a part of which was printed as soon as 1616, if not before, and the rest in 1623. In the first, which appeared in the earliest of these publications, he seems to apprehend some approaching necessity which may compel him to quit his favourite retreat.

'Dear wood! and you, sweet solitary place,
Where I, estranged from the vulgar, live,
Contented more with what your shades me give,
Than if I had what *Thetis* doth embrace:
What snaky eye, grown jealous of my pace,
Now from your silent horrors would me drive,
When sun advancing in his glorious race
Beyond the Twins, doth near our pole arrive?
What sweet delight a quiet life affords,
And what it is to be from bondage free,
Far from the madding worldling's hoarse discords,
Sweet flow'ry place, I first did learn of thee.

Ah! if I were my own, your dear resorts
I would not change with princes' stateliest courts.

'Beautiful as is the expression as well as the sentiment of this sonnet, it is surpassed in both by its companion, which, whilst it breathes a calm and philosophic dignity, is remarkable, at the same time, for the sweetness and harmony of its versification.

'Thrice happy he who by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own,
Though solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love:
O how more sweet is birds' harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widow'd dove,
Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's throne,
Which good make doubtful, do the evil approve!
O how more sweet is Zephyr's wholesome breath,
And sighs embalm'd, which new-born flowers unfold,

Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath!
How sweet are streams to poison drank in gold!
The world is full of horrors, troubles, slights;
Woods, harmless shades, have only true delights.

‘Were it possible to have increased such a decided partiality for solitude as these sonnets evince, it would have been effected by two events which occurred to their author during this period. To one of these, indeed, it might naturally be supposed that his temperament, in a high degree sensitive and susceptible, would peculiarly incline him; and it was not, therefore, long before his seclusion became doubly interesting to him through the influence of the tenderness of the affections, an influence, indeed, to which, with the young and imaginative, solitude has been found very generally to lead.

‘The object of his attachment was a descendant of an ancient and honourable house, a daughter of Cunningham of Barnes, a lady, young, beautiful, and accomplished; and possessing, like himself, an enthusiastic love for retirement. Yet it would appear from the tenor of his poems, that, notwithstanding this congeniality of taste, it was long before he had made any deep impression on the heart of his mistress, and that he had had some reason to complain of her coldness and reserve. At length, however, he was made happy by a return of affection, and the day was even fixed for the celebration of their nuptials, when, by one of those inscrutable decrees of Providence to which, in this world of trial and probation, we are called upon to submit, she was suddenly snatched from him by the hand of death, a violent fever terminating her life, and with her, all his fond dreams of happiness on earth.

‘To a heart of such keen sensibility as was our poet’s, alive to all the finer feelings of humanity, yet taught by habit and secession from general society to centre all its hopes and wishes on one beloved object, the shock must have been for a time almost overwhelming. If we may judge, indeed, from his poetical effusions, it was never entirely surmounted, but has thrown over the greater portion of them that interesting air of melancholy which so much attaches us to the writings of Petrarch. In fact, the most striking affinity may be found between the passion and the poetry of the two bards; they had each alike to lament the reserve and the loss of the objects of their first affection; and their sonnets may with equal propriety be divided into those which were written previous to and after their respective deaths.

‘It shall now be my pleasing task to select from these two classes of our author’s sonnets a few instances, which will assuredly prove with what exquisite taste and feeling, with what delicacy of thought and felicity of expression, this neglected poet of the early part of the seventeenth century could utter the sorrows of his heart.

‘From the first and second specimens, culled from those sonnets which were written during the progress of his amour, we may form some idea, not only of the person of his mistress, but of the character of her mind, which appears to have been both amiable and of a superior cast.

‘O sacred blush empurpling cheeks, pure skies
With crimson wings, which spread thee like the
morn;

O bashful look, sent from those shining eyes,
Which though slid down on earth doth heaven adorn;
O tongue, in which most luscious nectar lies,
That can at once both bless and make forlorn;
Dear coral lip, which beauty beautifies,
That trembling stood before her words were born;
And you, her words;—words?—no, but golden
chains,

Which dost enslave mine ears, ensnare my soul;
Wise image of her mind—mind that contains
A power all power of senses to control:
So sweetly you from love’s “dear hope warn” me,
That I love more, if more my love can be.

‘The frail and transitory existence of youth and female charms was never more impressively whispered in the ear of unrelenting beauty, than through the medium of the following sonnet:

‘Trust not, sweet soul, those curled waves of gold,
With gentle tides that on your temples flow;
Nor temples spread with flakes of virgin snow;
Nor snow of cheeks, with Tyrian grain enroll’d:
Trust not those shining lights which wrought my woe,
When first I did their azure rays behold;
Nor voice, whose sounds more strange effects do show
Than of the Thracian harper have been told.
Look to this dying lily, fading rose,
Dark hyacinth, of late whose blushing beams
Made all the neighbouring herbs and grass rejoice,
And think how little is ‘twixt life’s extremes.

The cruel tyrant that did kill those flowers
Shall once, ah me! not spare that spring of yours.

‘Of the various pieces which, in this section of his sonnets, the poet has composed to lament the insensibility of his mistress, or to soothe his own sorrows, I shall select one which will immediately remind the reader of a passage on the same subject in Shakspeare’s Henry the Fourth. To say that this little poem has any pretensions to rival the celebrated invocation of our great dramatist, which I consider, indeed, as incomparable, would be absurd; but it may be averred, that, for the brief and restricted nature of the sonnet, it has merit of no common kind.

‘TO SLEEP.

‘Sleep, Silence’ child! sweet father of soft rest!
Prince, whose approach peace to all mortals brings,
Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings,
Sole comforter of minds with grief oppress’d:
Lo! by thy charming rod, all breathing things
Lie slumbering, with forgetfulness possess’d;
And yet o’er me to spread thy drowsy wings
Thou spar’st, alas! who cannot be thy guest.
Since I am thine, O come! but with that face
To inward light, which thou art wont to show,
With feigned solace ease a true-felt woe;
Or if, deaf god, thou do deny that grace,
Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath,
I long to kiss the image of my death.

‘Much, however, as from this portion of his works our bard might be supposed fettered and absorbed by the cruel uncertainties of love, there is every reason to conclude from the sonnet I am about to quote, and which forms a part of these early productions, that he suffered not his mind to be enervated and broken down by a state of suspense; but that, as his lines nobly express it, an honest ambition, and the desire of living well, if not long, bore him up against all the suggestions of indolence or despair.

‘Ah! burning thoughts, now let me take some rest,
And your tumultuous broils a while appease:
Is’t not enough, stars, fortune, love molest
Me all at once, but ye must too displease?
Let hope, though false, yet lodge within my breast;
My high attempt, though dangerous, yet praise:
What though I trace not right heaven’s steep ways,
It doth suffice my fall shall make me blest.
I do not dote on days, I fear not death,
So that my life be good, I wish’t not long;
Let me renown’d live from the worldly throng,
And when Heaven lists, recal this borrow’d breath.
Men but like visions are, time all doth claim,
He lives who dies to win a lasting name.

We are sorry to be obliged to refrain from quoting any more of this entertaining article than the concluding remarks on Drummond’s poetry:

‘The fate which has attended the poetry of Drummond, great as is its beauty, has not been such as to place him on the list of popular bards. In fact, only four editions of his poems have been printed during the lapse of two hundred and ten years, and one of these was accompanied by his collected prose works. It would appear, indeed, that this neglect was foreseen by the poet, for he tells us in one of his early sonnets—

‘I know that all the Muse’s heavenly lays,
With toil of sprite, which are so dearly bought,
As idle sounds, of few or none are sought.

‘Yet have there been some, though few, who, in the course of this long period, have seen and done justice to his merits. Forty years after the impression of 1616, the earliest which is known, Edward Philips, the nephew of Milton, printed a second edition, with the following title:—“Poems by that most famous wit, William Drummond of Hawthornden.” Lond. 1636, 8vo. To this edition he has given a Preface, which, as he usually wrote under Milton’s immediate observance, may be considered perhaps as expressing the opinions of that great poet; a supposition which cannot fail to render an extract from its pages of high value.

“To say that these poems,” he remarks, “are the effects of a genius, the most polite and verdant that ever the Scottish nation produced, although it be a commendation not to be rejected, (for it is well known that that country hath afforded many rare and admirable wits,) yet it is not the highest that may be given him; for should I affirm that neither Tasso nor Guarini, nor any of the most neat and refined spirits of Italy, nor even the choicest of our English poets, can challenge to themselves any advantages above him, it could not be judged any attribute superior to what he deserves; nor shall I think it any arrogance to maintain, that, among all the several fancies that in these

times have exercised the most nice and curious judgments, there hath not come forth any thing that deserves to be welcomed into the world with greater estimation and applause: And though he hath not had the fortune to be so generally famed abroad as many others perhaps of lesser esteem, yet this is a consideration that cannot at all diminish, but rather advance his credit; for by breaking forth of obscurity he will attract the higher admiration, and, like the sun emerging from a cloud, appear at length with so much the more forcible rays. Had there been nothing extant of him but his History of Scotland, consider but the language, how florid and ornate it is; consider the order and the prudent conduct of his story, and you will rank him in the number of the best writers, and compare him even with Thuanus himself. Neither is he less happy in his verse than prose; for here are all those graces met together that conduce any thing toward the making up of a compleat and perfect poet: a decent and becoming majesty; a brave and admirable height; and a wit so flowing, that Jove himself never drank nectar that sparkled with more sprightly lustre.”

‘Milton, there is reason to believe, had studied Drummond with deep attention. That he would applaud the structure and collocation of a great portion of the language of his ‘History of the Jameses,’ we may readily conclude from the texture of his own prose; and that he had a high relish for the many curious felicities of diction and metre with which the better part of his poetry abounds, there can be as little doubt. “If any poems,” says a late learned critic, “possess a very high degree of that exquisite Doric delicacy which we so much admire in ‘Comus,’ &c., those of Drummond do. Milton may often be traced in him; and he had certainly read and admired him. Drummond was the first who introduced into English that fine Italian vein; and if we had had no Drummond, perhaps we should never have seen the delicacies of Comus, Lycidas, Il Penseroso, L’Allegro. Milton happened to have justice done him [by posterity]; Drummond, alas! has not been so fortunate.”

‘Not, indeed, until very lately, and since this paragraph was written, have the poetical claims of Drummond attracted any general notice. In the seventeenth century, the admiration of Milton, and the published *encomia* of his nephew, were alike inefficacious; and so slow, it appears, was the sale of the edition of 1636, that a new title, couched in the following eulogistic terms, was found necessary, in 1659, to accelerate its dispersion.—“The most elegant and elaborate Poems of that great court-wit, Mr. William Drummond; whose labours, both in verse and prose, being heretofore so precious to Prince Henry and to King Charles, shall live and flourish in all ages, whilst there are men to read them, or art and judgment to approve them.”—Vol. I. p. 303.

Our next extract, which is from the second volume, gives some very pleasing reflections on the meeting of our poet Milton with Galileo, at Arcetri, in Tuscany. It carries us pleasantly back to the times when there was a sort of romantic spirit in learned men, leading them to make journeys from one land to the other, to hold converse with their renowned contemporaries:

‘One of the most pleasing, and, at the same time, most interesting circumstances in the early life of Milton, and during the period of his travels on the continent, is his interview with the celebrated Galileo. “There it was,” he says, speaking of Italy in his speech for unlicensed printing, “that I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition, for thinking in Astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought.”

‘It is probable that the attention of our immortal countryman had been peculiarly directed to this illustrious victim of bigotry and superstition, by the compassionate sympathy of Hugo Grotius, who, during the very month in which the poet was introduced to him by Lord Scudamore, then our Ambassador at the Court of Paris, thus mentions Galileo in a letter to his friend Vossius, “Senex is,” says he, “optime de universis meritis, morbo fractus, insuper et animi aggritudine, haud multum nobis vite sue promittit; quare prudentia erit arripere tempus, dum tanto doctore publicus.” “This old man, to whom the universe is so deeply indebted, worn out with maladies, and still maddened with anguish of mind, gives us little reason to hope, that his life can be long; common prudence, therefore, suggests to us to make the utmost of the time, while we can yet avail ourselves of such an instructor.”

‘Little could be wanting to induce Milton to visit, and, with reverential awe, to offer an unfeigned homage

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to this truly memorable sufferer in the cause of science. Shortly, therefore, after reaching Florence, he sought out his abode, and found him at his seat near Arcetri, in Tuscany. Galileo, in 1639, the period of Milton's visit, was seventy-five years of age; he had been twice imprisoned by the Inquisition at Rome, for the supposed heresy of his philosophical opinions in defending the system of Copernicus, and his last liberation in December, 1633, after a confinement of nearly two years, was on the express condition of not departing, for the residue of his life, from the duchy of Tuscany.

'Let us now place before our eyes the picture which tradition has left us of this great and much-injured character, when, at the close of a life of persecution, when "fallen on evil days and evil tongues," the youthful Milton stood before him. Not only was he suffering from the natural pressure of advancing years, but he was infirm from sickness, and had, a very short time before Milton was admitted to his presence, become totally blind, from a too intense application to his telescope, and consequent exposure to the night air. Yet this, the greatest calamity which could have befallen a person thus engaged, he bore with Christian fortitude, with the piety, indeed, of a saint, and the resignation of a philosopher. He permitted it not, in fact, either to break the vigour of his spirit, or to interrupt the course of his studies, supplying, in a great measure, the defect by constant meditation, and the use of an amanuensis. Nor, though the first astronomer and mathematician of any age or country, had he confined himself to these pursuits; his learning was general and extensive; both theoretically and practically, he was an architect and designer; his fondness for poetry was enthusiastic, and he played upon the lute with the most exquisite skill and taste. To these varied acquisitions in science, literature, and art, were added the blessings of an amiable disposition; for though keenly sensible of the injustice of his enemies, whose malevolence and oppression, indeed, have scarcely had a parallel, he was yet cheerful, affable, and open in his temper, and his aspect, we are told, was singularly venerable, mild, and intelligent.

'That such a man, though living in an age of extreme bigotry, should be an object of ardent attachment to those who best knew him, may be readily conceived. We shall not be surprised, therefore, to learn that he was enthusiastically beloved by his pupils; and that when visited by Milton, Vincenzo Viviani, his last and favourite disciple, then a youth of seventeen, was attending upon him with all the zeal of the most affectionate son. So great, indeed, was the veneration entertained for him by this young man, who subsequently became his biographer, and a mathematician of great celebrity, that he never, during the remainder of his life, and he reached the age of eighty-one, subscribed his name without the addition of the "scholar of Galileo;" and had constantly before him, in the room in which he studied, a bust of his revered master, with several inscriptions in his praise.

'How must Milton have been interested and affected by the spectacle which opened to his view on entering beneath the roof of Galileo; how deeply must he have felt and penetrated the feelings of the characters then placed before him; the sublime fortitude and resignation of the aged but persecuted astronomer, and the delighted love and admiration of his youthful companion! It is, indeed, highly probable, that the poet's deep-rooted abhorrence of bigotry and oppression was first imbibed on beholding this illustrious martyr of intolerance. There can also be little doubt but that the conference which, on this occasion, took place between the philosopher and the bard, led, as the Italian biographer of Milton has remarked, to those ideas in the *Paradise Lost* which approximate to the Newtonian doctrine of the planetary system. It can also admit of less, that, when Milton, old and deprived of sight, was composing his immortal poem, he must often have recalled to memory this interview with the blind and suffering Galileo, under feelings of peculiar sympathy and commiseration; and with the same Christian patience and firmness which so remarkably distinguished the great Florentine, he could truly say,

"I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up, and steer
Right onward."

Independent of a succinct announcement, in the eighth book of his poem, of the system of the universe, as taught by Galileo, he has twice by name distinctly alluded to him: thus, in the first book, when describing the shield of Satan, he says, its

"broad circumference
Hung on his shoulder like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views

At evening from the top of Fesolé,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe."

'And again in his fifth book:

"As when by night the glass
Of Galileo, less assured, observes
Imagined lands and regions in the moon."

'It is somewhat remarkable that Milton, who appears to have been well acquainted with the Copernican theory of the world, as taught, and, I may say, indeed, demonstrated by Galileo, should have hesitated a moment in his choice between the system of his great contemporary and that of Ptolemy;—yet this dubiety, this trimming, as it were, between the ancient and modern doctrines, is but too apparent in his sublime account of the creation, and interrupts, in some measure, the satisfaction of the philosophical reader. "If Pliny, in regard to Hipparchus," says a pleasing and popular writer, "could extravagantly say, *Ausum rem Deo improbam, annuere posteris stellis*, what would that historian of nature have said, had it been foretold him, that, in the latter days, a man would arise who should enable posterity to enumerate more new stars than Hipparchus had counted of the old; who should assign four moons to Jupiter, and in our moon point out higher mountains than any here below; who should in the sun, the fountain of light, discover dark spots as broad as two quarters of the earth, and by these spots ascertain his motion round his axis; who, by the varying phases of the planets, should compose the shortest and plainest demonstrations of the solar system? Yet these were but part of the annunciations to the world of a single person, of Galileo, of unperishing memory."

'This great and good man died at Arcetri, near Florence, 1642, three years after Milton's visit, and in the same year which gave birth to Sir Isaac Newton, who, as hath been well observed, took up from Galileo the thread of astronomical science, and carried it from world to world, through regions as yet unexplored and unknown."—Vol. ii. pp. 313—321.

POLITICAL CONDITION OF PORTUGAL.

An Historical View of the Revolutions of Portugal since the close of the Peninsular War, exhibiting a full Account of the Events which have led to the present State of that Country. By An Eye-Witness. 1 vol. 8vo. Murray. London.

It is not possible, we think, at the present moment to read this title without feeling a desire to be acquainted with the contents of the work itself. It suggests to us, as a matter of course, that the author brings down his narrative to the period of Don Miguel's attaining the competent age to assume, as Regent, the reins of the Government of Portugal; and that, after having detailed the events which have occurred since the termination of the Peninsular war, he would discuss the various questions which those events are calculated to elucidate; that from the examination of these questions, the mind, being well stored with the previous information afforded it, would then be led still further on, to the investigation of the future, and to inquire what is likely to be the fate of a nation whose destiny appears still unsettled, notwithstanding the friendly receptions and demonstrations of cordiality, which the Infant Don Miguel experienced lately in France and England. This, in fact, is the precise plan and scope of the work before us. The narrative of facts, and the numerous reflections suggested by them, contained in its first six chapters, find their natural application in the seventh, which is especially devoted to the investigation of the future prospects of Portugal, and of the policy which it behoves Great Britain to pursue in her relations with that country. In the eighth chapter, with which the work concludes, a parallel is drawn between the constitution now existing, and that which the Cortes sanctioned in 1822; and this comparison enables us to discern what is to be apprehended or hoped for, and the difficulties and means which may present themselves, in effecting the regeneration of Portugal under the protection of Great Britain, the favourite theme of the author. At the end of the volume, the present constitution, translated into English, is introduced as an ap-

pendix, and forms, in fact, the text to the whole work.

The author assumes, in his preface, and with reason, that among the generality of Englishmen there prevail much misconception and ignorance on the subject of the last revolutions of Portugal; and although in this we find no difficulty in agreeing with him, his readers, we think, will not be quite so ready to join in the satisfaction with which he assures them, that,

'Having been himself a personal and attentive spectator of those political vicissitudes, he trusts he shall not be chargeable with presumption, for believing that it has been in his power to offer a more accurate narrative of their real causes, progress, and results, than any of which the public of this country has yet been put in possession.'

To persuade us to believe him in such a matter, on his word alone, it is not even enough that, as he informs us, he has resided seventeen years in Portugal; that he has served as an officer in the British army in the Peninsula during the whole war of independence; that, from the year 1814 to 1820, he continued to be employed on the staff of the same army and in the same country; that, during the Government of the Cortes, instead of returning to England, with the greater part of his companions, he remained in Portugal, occupied in agricultural pursuits; and lastly, that, since the counter revolution of 1823, he was a frequent attendant in the court and palace of John VI., through his intimacy with some members of the royal household. Whatever may be the effect of these assurances, it cannot be denied that the perusal of a few pages of the narrative, the appropriate reflections which are introduced, disclosed the sagacious observer, the eye-witness accustomed to the usages, the manners, and inclinations of the people, with all the classes of whom he is equally familiar; yet at the same time they bespeak the foreigner, who, with a dispassionate feeling, essential to a work of this kind, and which would be looked for in vain from a national pen, weighs the interests of all in the balance of unfettered reason. From this commendation, however, one or two instances may be found, in which we observe the glimmerings of certain ideas which betray, and it could hardly be expected to be otherwise, the illusions natural to an Englishman and a soldier. Thus for example, in speaking of Lord Beresford, our author shows, not merely a praiseworthy respect for a chief deserving of the esteem of a soldier, but a chivalrous enthusiasm, which puts a favourable interpretation on every thing, without admitting the slightest suspicion to question his actions, and much less, to cast reproach on them. In like manner, in treating of the Cortes of 1820, and of the favour of the Count Subierrra, it is not possible to avoid remarking a certain bitterness, which, being in the extreme, and continual, presents perhaps the only feature in the work which can be accused of partiality. Notwithstanding this, we still believe, as the author assures us in the preface, that

'Uninfluenced by any political or factious partialities, and having no private interest involved in the fate of Portugal, he has desired to offer only a plain unvarnished statement of facts. He has not misrepresented a single circumstance designedly, and although he possibly may have erred in his speculative anticipations of the future, the reflections advanced are, at least, his honest and undisguised sentiments.'

It is, in fact, neither personal interest, nor the spirit of party, nor levity in examining and appreciating facts, persons, and things, which makes him appear to us to be chargeable with some excess of prejudice on the subject of the operations of the Cortes, and of the person of the Conde di Subierrra; but a motive much more generous, and the more difficult to be prepared against, as its origin is altogether noble and patriotic. There can be no doubt that both the Cortes of 1820, and the Conde di Subierrra, acted, although with different objects in view, on the same policy of opposing themselves to the inte-

rests and influence of Great Britain; and although we will readily allow, that, by so doing, they acted to the prejudice and detriment of the Portuguese, and disregarded what was fairly due to the relations in which they stood with the British Government; yet we are far from thinking, that, on this account, the members of the Cortes are to be treated as factious persons, as anarchists, and to be loaded with other appellations, harsh in the extreme, and inapplicable; and that the Conde di Subierrra should be continually represented as the most dangerous enemy of his country, and as ranking among the most immoral and reckless intriguers. The circumstances in which Portugal was placed, at the period to which these criminations refer, were beyond measure difficult. They were of such a nature that individuals of either party, with the most upright intentions possible, might often find themselves committed to proceedings of quite a different character, or at least which were regarded as such by those of a contrary opinion, whatsoever were the motives on which they were founded. The pen of the historian of revolutions should combine, with the ordinary circumspection of every writer, that timidity which proceeds from love of toleration, and which is never more necessary than in cases where the passions are most excited.

The author makes no pretensions to literature or embellishment in the style of his work; yet so thoroughly is he master of the subjects on which he treats, that, although the book is throughout interspersed with reflections, and those reflections of considerable profundity, and the fruits of long meditation, the interruption of the thread of the narrative is hardly observable. The narration flows on in its course, carrying with it the pauses and digressions, which all arise, without the reader's perceiving that they are such, from the incidents themselves; so that, at the close of chapters most replete with information, at the end of the work itself, which concludes, as we have stated, with the examination of a question of the highest importance, the reader experiences a zest like that which is left by the reading of an amusing tale.

At the same time he finds himself placed on lofty ground, from which he may elevate his thoughts, and allow them to range through the ample fields of conjecture, enlightened in his wanderings by the complete information he has received from the antecedent parts of the work. Again, he may pause to reflect on the means which, looking to the habits, the prejudices, and the natural advantages and disadvantages of the country, the author proposes for promoting the improvements in every branch of national prosperity. Occasionally, too, we are agreeably surprised by the lively colouring of certain pictures drawn without effort, with an elegance the more pleasing because unexpected. As an example, we may take the following description of the olive-gathering:

'To conceive the universal depression, consequent upon a failure of the olive crop, is scarcely possible, unless by contrast with the animating scene, the bustle, activity, and hilarity, that mark the gathering of a plentiful store in this class of nature's bounties, justly ranked among the richest she bestows; for no produce so amply repays the cultivator for all his cost in labour, money, and patience. The expenses of collecting the fruit, and of the process by which oil is extracted, are very considerable; it is subject to a heavy duty; and fifteen or twenty years of growth are required to bring the tree to perfection. Yet few cultivators have ever, in peaceful times, had cause to complain of an unsuccessful speculation, in making this valuable fruit their first dependence.

Towards the month of November, the olives arrive at that degree of ripeness which renders them fit for the annual operations. Like our walnuts, they are beaten from the boughs by means of long rods, while large cloths, spread around the trunk, receive as many as fall within the space they occupy. The rest are gathered from the ground by women and children; and so great is the produce, that the entire population

of an olive district finds ample employment, in this work alone, for several weeks, although assisted by large groups, who flock from a distance, sometimes of nearly five hundred miles, to share the labour, and return with a little store of money thus earned, for their winter subsistence.

'Nothing can exceed the sprightliness of these olive-gleaning parties: from sun-rise to the hour of vespers no sound is heard but that of singing, and merry converse, while every countenance reflects the gladness of the season, and the general happiness of the simple-hearted peasantry. When the mills are set in motion, the farmer can scarcely reckon on a supply of ready money wherewith to cultivate his lands; the pork-feeder and poulterer find, in the bruised kernel of the olive, a plentiful and nutritious article for fattening their numerous pigs and turkeys; while the poor labourer, in addition to his present wages, anticipates an ample supply of oil for his family, at a price he can afford to pay, and stores of preserved olives, which, with a little bread, will long furnish the daily meat for himself and his household almost free of cost. An imperfect idea may be formed, even from this slight sketch, of the cheering effect produced, when the national tree yields its accustomed tribute to the children of the soil; and imagination will not fail to picture, in a like degree, the dry gloom, despondency, and disappointment, that pervade all these classes when that supply is withheld, whether by the immediate visitation of Providence, in visiting the earth with a blight, or the remorseless cruelty of man, in wantonly afflicting his fellows.'

The author adopts the same unrestrained plan in many other passages of his narration, introducing into it, by way of illustration of many of the occurrences, anecdotes which had happened to himself personally. In most of these, the interest is increased by the importance of the subject, and the befitting manner in which it is introduced and related. The portrait he draws of the character of John VI. and his spouse, and that of the Portuguese clergy; his description of the popular effusions in which the people expressed their adhesion and loyalty to the Sovereign; of the scene between the aged monarch and the Infant Don Miguel on board the English vessel; and many other passages, in which he allows his pen free scope, show that he possesses the art of agreeable narration, without glare or profusion of colour. Of this we will cite another example, in which, speaking of the tenacious attachment, of the people of whom he writes, to their old habits and ancient usages, he says:

'The Portuguese people manifest an extraordinary spirit of opposition against the introduction of every attempt at innovation: that is to say, against every improved plan of operation, whether in agriculture, mechanics, or any other department of industry. The press now used in preparing oil, differs in nothing from those which were in vogue some centuries back. This rude machine consists of the trunk of a large tree, about thirty feet in length; an enormous stone is the force applied to this clumsy lever, to which it is suspended by a wooden screw, that serves to raise it from the ground as required; and this acts upon the bruised olives, placed near the other extremity of the trunk, and presses the juice from them. A foreigner, residing in Portugal, took the husks and kernels that had passed through this process, and placing them in a press where the power of the screw was properly brought into action, obtained more than an eighth part oil, in addition to what had already been extracted by the common method. The strange antipathy of these people to improvements, may be further illustrated by the following curious instance: The same person, when planting a vineyard, wished to avoid the needless cost and labour attendant on the usual process. According to this, the ground is dug to the depth of nearly four feet, and the vine cuttings laid in, at about the same distance apart. The foreigner in question, made use of an instrument resembling a large gimlet, which, while it bored the soil, likewise inserted the cutting. It was afterwards discovered that the native labourers, indignant at the innovation, had, with the young scions, introduced speargrass, which ultimately destroyed them. He also attempted an improvement on the miserable bullock-carts, and succeeded in constructing a cart which, when heavily laden, was drawn by one bullock more easily than the awkward machines of the country could be moved by two oxen. But he experienced the greatest difficulty in persuading any

Portuguese to work with it; and at length it was intentionally destroyed. One man exclaimed, 'I will no longer drive such a cart; for load it as heavily as you may, it will not squeak;' alluding to the incessant grating noise produced by their rude revolving axles; an abominable sound, which the rustics believe to be as encouraging to their oxen as it is agreeable to themselves. This determined resistance to every novel introduction, is the natural offspring of ignorance and long-rooted prejudice; it must be overcome by liberal encouragement, and by noticing indications of creative genius with adequate rewards. In all cases of useful inventions, the recompense must be ample, and the patent preserved inviolable to its owner. The people will soon learn to regard with complacency those modern improvements, which they now hold as wanton superfluities, because their fathers contrived to do without them. The empire of Brazil, an infant in respect to time, is far more advanced in many branches of experimental knowledge than its ancient mother in Europe; the diffusion of useful instruction will be to her a valuable boon; and if the present opportunity pass away, leaving the great mass of her population still in darkness, we cannot hope to behold her in that situation in which it is alike our duty and our interest to place her.'

This last phrase comprises and explains the whole scope of the work, which is, to furnish an historical view of the last revolutions of Portugal, in order to show the sacrifices made by England; the present state of things; what they threaten and promise for the future; and the motives, both on the score of policy and justice, which actuate the British Government in taking under her protection the interests of Portugal. This is the spirit which pervades this work; and this, we are persuaded, would recommend it to the attention of the English public, even supposing it did not contain many other qualities equally attractive and captivating. In pursuance of the plan we have named, our author commences by presenting a picture of the deplorable condition of the kingdom of Portugal on the termination of the Peninsular War, assigning as powerful causes of the wretchedness of the country at that period, the destruction of manufactures, the loss of its commerce with the Brazils, the emigration of the court, the absence of the nobility, and the ruin of agriculture. He then relates the origin, the breaking out, and the establishment of the Revolution of 1820; the errors of its conductors, the general disaffection against them, the facility with which the Counter-revolution was brought about, the favour of the Conde di Subierrra, the discord among the royal family, the movement headed by the Infant Don Miguel, the dismissal of the Conde di Subierrra at the instance of the British Minister, the mediation of that Government with regard to the Brazils, the granting of the present Constitution, the efforts made against it by the factions supported by the Government of Madrid, the expedition of British troops to the Tagus, and at last he enters on the consideration of the future destiny which awaits Portugal.

The general indications which we have thus given are merely intended to point out the principal characteristics of the work before us; and the judgment and patriotism with which the author treats his subject: we leave the details to be filled in by a perusal of the work itself. We have already spoken of the bitterness with which the author expresses himself in speaking of the Cortes, and of the constitutional government of 1820; and in truth there is, in more than one passage, ample ground for a certain class of readers to be alarmed as to the character of his political opinions, and to suspect them to be adverse to liberty. We have, however, already explained the origin of this sort of singularity; and to remove all doubt on this point, it will be sufficient to read his last chapters, and especially the seventh, which we regard as the nucleus of the work. We shall conclude this article by extracting a passage or two from the interesting disquisition on the future fate of Portugal, and on the relations which it behoves Great Britain to establish with that kingdom.

'Let us keep most carefully distinct the dissimilar

process of troops who they must guess Go upon their weight at for the m That the all the first hined; c judge country But the whose bar have long generous all the w be oppose are suffici pishment 'The g the calami people, ho and our r promote t them that large a sh best be eff a long exp and the p here be p general su We ho tendency regard to he builds reasoning applies a the Britis commerc influence in As to the ment of of existi derived to the sec 'It is clear exp We have c who soug pulsed for deluged it the ruins plant a yo your secu those com dation, h ward as animosity of you the to watch your portu ternal foe people tho cessive ye actively to treaties of fluence ma councils. benefit yo ship, our We ha importan attention deem we one of th ment, to Narrative India, f Right A Calcutta We pr resting w in reduc any furth cept to r

process of military and political interference. Our troops were sent for a specific object, beyond which they must not advance one step; but while the Portuguese Government feels that its very existence hangs upon their presence, shall we not make use of the weight attached by such circumstance to our counsels, for the mutual advantage of both rulers and subjects? That the undertaking is extremely difficult, requiring all the firmness and all the delicacy that can be combined; calling, too, for an extraordinary exercise of judgment, temper, and intimate knowledge of the country with which we have to deal, no one can dispute. But the incalculable advantage accruing to a nation whose battles we have fought, and whose welfare we have long watched over, ought to surmount the ungenerous suggestions of selfish timidity; and although all the well-known intrigue of a Lisbon Government be opposed to us, the motives inviting to perseverance are sufficiently powerful to promise well for the accomplishment of the important task.

'The generous interposition of England to arrest the calamities which were overwhelming the Portuguese people, has intimately connected us with their affairs; and our national interests and honour are pledged to promote their future happiness, and to support among them that constitutional system which we have had so large a share in introducing. How these objects may best be effected, it remains to inquire, and having had a long experience of the character of the Portuguese, and the political state of their country, I may, perhaps, here be permitted to offer a few suggestions on the general subject.'

We here perceive, at a glance, the liberal tendency of the opinions of the author with regard to the affairs of Portugal. This opinion he builds on strong grounds, deduced from the reasonings of his antecedent chapters, which he applies as tests to the principal points on which the British policy has to turn; that is to say, her commercial relations with Portugal, and her influence in the domestic government of the nation. As to the first, he counsels a general relinquishment of the trifling advantages which, by virtue of existing treaties, Great Britain has hitherto derived, from her connection with Portugal. As to the second, he says:

'It behoves us to address the Government in terms clearly explanatory of the principles of our interference. We have once before driven from your soil the invaders who sought your subjection: We have now again repulsed from your territory the rebels who would have deluged it with kindred blood, and overwhelmed you in the ruins of your most promising institutions. We plant a wall of defence between you and the enemies of your security: We protect you in the enjoyments of those commercial advantages, which, through our mediation, have recently been restored to you; and thus, varded as you are from foreign warfare, from domestic animosity, and from impending bankruptcy, we demand of you the redemption of that pledge so solemnly given, to watch over the interests of the country. While in your ports, and at your frontiers, we repel every external foe;—be it yours to banish from among your people those evils that have preyed upon them for successive years. Be it yours to legislate wisely, and actively to execute the laws you frame, disregarding our treaties of alliance with this or that individual, whose influence may, for a time, ride ascendant over the national councils. Portugal is our ally; and to her permanent benefit your efforts must tend; for to that our friendship, our aid, and our inclinations, principally point.'

We have already said, that this is the most important part of the work; and, having drawn attention to these sentiments of the author, we deem we have done enough to recommend it as one of those works most calculated, at this moment, to interest the public attention.

BISHOP HEBER'S JOURNAL.

Narrative of a Journey through the Upper Provinces of India, from Calcutta to Bombay, &c. &c. By the late Right Rev. Reginald Heber, D.D., Lord Bishop of Calcutta. 2 vols. 4to. Murray. London, 1828.

[Concluded from p. 295.]

We promised, in our first notice of this interesting work, to return again to its pages: and in redeeming this promise, we shall not occupy any further space by observations of our own, except to repeat the great pleasure we have derived

from the perusal of the whole: and our increased estimation of the mind and heart, from which it proceeded. The following are the remaining passages we had marked for extract.

General Aspect of the Country in Hindoostan.

'November 13.—From Futtehgunge to Furreepoor is seven coss, through a country equally well cultivated, and rather prettier, as being more woody than that which I saw yesterday. Still, however, it is as flat as a carpet. The road is very good, and here, I will allow, a gig might travel well, and be a convenience, but it would have made a poor figure in the plashy country on the other side of Lucknow, and have not been very serviceable in any part of the King of Oude's territories. We encamped in a smaller grove of mangoe-trees than the four or five last had been, but the trees themselves were very noble. The chief cultivation around us was cotton. The morning was positively cold, and the whole scene, with the exercise of the march, the picturesque groups of men and animals around me, the bracing air, the singing of birds, the light mist hanging on the trees, and the glistening dew, had something at once so Oriental and so English, I have seldom found any thing better adapted to raise a man's animal spirits, and put him in good temper with himself and all the world. How I wish those I love were with me! How much my wife would enjoy this sort of life,—its exercise, its cleanliness, and purity; its constant occupation, and, at the same time, its comparative freedom from form, care, and vexation! At the same time, a man who is curious in his eating, had better not come here. Lamb and kid, (and we get no other flesh,) most people would soon tire of. The only fowls which are attainable are as tough and lean as can be desired; and the milk and butter are generally seasoned with the never failing condiments of Hindoostan, smoke and soot. The milk would be very good, if the people would only milk the cow into one of our vessels, instead of their own, but this they generally refuse to do, and refuse with much greater pertinacity, than those who live near the river. These, however, are matters to which it is not difficult to become reconciled; and all the more serious points of warmth, shade, cleanliness, air, and water, are, at this season, no where enjoyed better, than in the spacious and well-contrived tents, the ample means of transport, the fine climate, and fertile regions of Northern Hindoostan. Another time, by God's blessing, I will not be alone in this Eden; yet I confess there are very few people whom I greatly wish to have as associates in such a journey. It is only a wife, or a friend so intimate, as to be quite another self, whom one is really anxious to be with one while travelling through a new country.'

'The Tusseeldar called again this afternoon, and brought three more lambs or goats; I am not sure which, for both are called "buckra" here. I however thought it too bad to take the firstlings of his flock, in this unmerciful manner, and declined them as civilly as I could, giving him, at the same time, a certificate of my satisfaction with his intentions, with my great seal appended; a distinction of which I have discovered the value in native eyes, and mean only to give it to gentlefolks. He took his leave with a profusion of compliments, having got a "neknamee," or character, and kept his mutton.'

'November 14.—From Furreepoor to Barielly is a distance of eight short coss, not much more than twelve miles; but to the cantonment, in the neighbourhood of which my tent was pitched, it is a mile and a half less. Mr. Hawkins, the senior Judge of Circuit, had offered the use of a large room in a house of his, in the immediate neighbourhood of my encampment, for divine service; and I had the pleasure of finding a numerous congregation, of the civil and military officers, with their families, as well as a good many Christians of humbler rank, chiefly musicians attached to the regiments stationed here, with their wives. I had, I think, sixteen communicants.'

'Barielly is a poor ruinous town, in a pleasant and well-wooded, but still a very flat country. I am told, that, when the weather is clear, (it is now hazy,) the Himalaya mountains are seen very distinctly, and form a noble termination to the landscape. Nothing, however, of the kind is now to be seen, though the distance is barely sixty miles. The nights and mornings are become, really, very cold, and, in my tent, I find a blanket, a quilt, and my large cloak, no more than enough to keep me comfortable.' Vol. I. pp. 437—439.

Unhealthiness of Forest Belts.

'I had been for some time in much doubt as to the expediency, after the many delays which I had experienced in my journey, of proceeding to Almorah, but what I heard during these few days of Barielly, determined me

in the affirmative. Though an important station, it has never been visited by any clergyman; and I was very anxious, not only to give a Sunday to its secluded flock, but to ascertain what facilities existed for obtaining for them the occasional visits, at least, of a minister of religion, and for eventually spreading the gospel among these mountaineers, and beyond them, into Thibet and Tartary. The former of these objects I have good hopes of being able to accomplish; a residence in these cold and bracing regions may, in many cases, do as much good to chaplains and missionaries, exhausted by the heat of the plains, as a voyage to Europe would do; and good men may be well employed here, who are unequal to exertion in other parts of our Eastern empire. To the second there are many obstacles, not likely, as yet, to be overcome; and, in encountering which, considerable prudence and moderation will be necessary. But there are facilities and encouragements also, which I did not expect to find; and, if God spare me life and opportunities, I yet hope to see Christianity revived, through this channel, in countries where, under a corrupted form indeed, it is said to have once flourished widely, through the labours of the Nestorians.* My opinion, as to the advantage which might arise from such a visit, was fully confirmed; and I found reason to believe, that late as the season was, and much as I have to do, the present is likely to be the best, if not the only, opportunity for such an excursion.'

'The whole skirt and margin of the mountains are surrounded by a thick forest of nearly two days' journey, with a marshy soil, and an atmosphere, during two-thirds of the year, more pestilential than the Sunderbunds, or the Grotto dei Cani; a literal "belt of death," which even the natives tremble to go near; and which, during the rains more particularly, the monkeys themselves are said to abandon. After the middle of November this is dry, practicable, and safe; so that the very delays which have thrown my arrival in Rohilcund so late, have given me an opportunity, which I may, under the usual circumstances of my visitation, never have again, of penetrating into Kemaon. Above all, every body tells me, that, except in a case of real necessity, a journey into the Himalaya, should never be undertaken by women and children: that camels, elephants, tents, and palanquins, nay, even horses, such as are usually ridden in the plains, must be left behind at Bamoury Ghat, and that nothing but mules, mountain ponies, the "yāk," or Thibet-cow, and active unencumbered foot-passengers, can make their way along the tracks, and beside the precipices, which are to be traversed. This, if true, destroys much of the hope which has already reconciled me, to leaving many interesting spots unvisited, that I might see them at some future opportunity, with my wife and children; and though I have little doubt that these difficulties are greatly exaggerated, still it is plain, that without a previous reconnoitering, I could never take them such a journey, in defiance of such assurances. For the present excursion, Captain Satchwell, the acting Commissary-General of the district, promised me the use of some mules, which government was sending up to Kemaon, for the public service there. Mr. Boulderson, the collector, offered me the loan of an experienced and able pony; and I received a letter from Mr. Traill, the Commissioner for the affairs of the hill countries, offering me every assistance in the last four mountain stages. Under these circumstances, I made up my mind not to miss the opportunity, and arranged to send off my tents, &c. on Wednesday evening, being the earliest moment at which my necessary arrangements could be completed.'

'November 17.—This day was chiefly taken up in packing. My plan was to take my whole caravan to Bamoury, at the first rise of the hills, where the air is good, and supplies are plentiful, and leave them encamped there till my return.—Vol. I. pp. 443, 445.

First View of the Himalaya Mountains.

'In the afternoon, Mr. Boulderson took me a drive in his buggy. This is a vehicle in which all Anglo-Indians delight, and certainly its hood is of great advantage, by enabling them to pay visits, and even to travel, under a far hotter sun than would be otherwise endurable. The country, however, in this neighbourhood, and every where except in the immediate vicinity of the principal stations, is strangely unfavourable for such vehicles. Our drive was over ploughed fields, and soon terminated by a small, but, to us, impassable, ravine. We had, however, a first view of the range of Himalaya, indistinctly seen through the haze, but not so

* The Nestorians are a sect of ancient Christians, who take their name from Nestorius, Bishop of Constantinople, who lived in the fifth century, and whose doctrines were spread with much zeal, through Syria, Egypt, India, Tartary, and China.

indistinctly as to conceal the general form of the mountains. The nearer hills are blue, and in outline and tints resemble pretty closely, at this distance, those which close in the vale of Clwyd. Above these rose, what might, in the present unfavourable atmosphere, have been taken for clouds, had not their seat been so stationary, and their outline so harsh and pyramidal, the patriarchs of the continent, perhaps the surviving ruins of a former world, white and glistening as alabaster, and even at this distance of, probably, 150 miles, towering above the nearer or secondary range, as much as these last, (though said to be 7,600 feet high,) are above the plain in which we were standing. I felt intense delight and awe in looking on them, but the pleasure lasted not many minutes; the clouds closed in again, as on the fairy castle of St. John, and left us but the former grey cold horizon, girding in, the green plain of Rohilcund, and broken only by scattered tufts of peepul and mangoe trees.

November 19.—This morning we went seven coss to Sheeshghur, over a worse cultivated country than the last day's stage, and one which had, evidently, suffered much from want of rain. The heavy and happy fall, which had given plenty to Oude and the Doob, did not extend here, and except in a few places, where irrigation had been used, the rice and Indian corn had generally failed, and the wheat and barley were looking very ill. Where there are rivers or streams, irrigation is practised industriously and successfully, but there are few wells, and they do not seem, as in the Doob and Oude, to draw water from them by oxen, for their fields. The rain which falls is, in most seasons, said to be sufficient.

On leaving our encampment, we forded the river Bahgool, and afterwards, once or twice, fell in, during our march, with its windings. At last, soon after the sun rose, and just as we had reached a small rising ground, the mist rolled away, and showed us again the Himalya, distinct and dark, with the glorious icy mountains, towering in a clear blue sky, above the nearer range. There were four of these, the names of three of which Mr. Boulderson knew; Bhadrinath, Kedarnath, and the peak above the source of the Ganges, the Meru of Hindoo fable. The fourth, to the extreme right, he did not know, and I could not find it in Arrow-smith's map. Bhadrinath, he told me, is reckoned the highest. From hence, however, it is not the most conspicuous of the four. That we saw the snowy peaks at all, considering their distance, and that mountains, twice as high as Snowdon, intervened, is wonderful. I need hardly say, that I wished for my wife to share the sight with me. But I thought of Tandah, and the Terra, and felt, on recollection, that I should have probably been in considerable uneasiness, if she and the children had been to pass the intervening inhospitable country.

Sheeshghur, is a poor village, on a trifling elevation, which is conspicuous in this level country. It has a ruinous fort on its summit, and altogether, with the great surrounding flat, and the blue hills behind it, put me in mind of some views of Rhyddlan. The Clwydian chain, indeed, is not crowned by such noble pinnacles, as Bhadrinath, and Gangotree, but I could not help feeling now, and I felt it still more, when I began to attempt to commit the prospect to paper, that the awe and wonder which I experienced, were of a very complex character, and greatly detached from the simple act of vision. The eye is, by itself, and without some objects to form a comparison, unable to judge of such heights at such a distance. Carneth, Llewellyn, and Snowdon, at certain times in the year, make, really, as good a picture as the mountains now before me; and the reason that I am so much more impressed with the present view, is partly the mysterious idea, of awful and inaccessible remoteness attached to the Indian Caucasus, the centre of earth

"Its altar, and its cradle, and its throne;"

And, still more, the knowledge derived from books, that the objects now before me, are really among the greatest earthly works of the Almighty Creator's hands—the highest spots below the moon—and out-topping, by many hundred feet, the summit of Cotopasi, and Chimborazo.—Vol. I. pp. 449, 451.

In reference to these sublime views in the regions of the Himalaya mountains, which are unequalled, in any part of the known world, for grandeur and beauty combined, we may direct the reader to a source of great gratification, in the splendid Atlas of 'Frazer's Himalaya,' which contains a Series of those magnificent Views, taken on the spot.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Alma Mater, a series of Original Pieces, by Students in the University of Glasgow. Pp. 168. Smith. Glasgow, 1828.

This is a lively little work, containing some sketches of considerable pathos, and others conspicuous for a vein of genuine Scottish humour. The pieces which appear to us the best, are the Dominie's Courtship among the prose, and the following little verses among the poetry, with which the contents are varied:

THE POET'S WISH.

'They tell us of an Indian shore,
Where gold is wash'd by every wave;
Where neither winds nor breakers roar,
To mar the peace which plenty gave,
But breathes there in that land of gold
One spirit of the rarer mould?

'They tell us of an Indian Vale,
Where Summer's breezes on every tree;
Where odours float on every gale,
And grass is green continually.
But we have here our Summer too
More welcome still, because more new.

'They tell us of an Indian sun,
Which overpowers the shrinking sense;
And bursting through the 'vapour dun,'
Dispels the winter's influence.
I care not for that Indian sun,
It scorches those that beams upon.

'Oh! give to me one little spot,
It beams before my fancy now;
Where all forgetting—all forgot,
I'd smoothe the wrinkles from my brow,
I'd smile at Nature's fiercest mood—
With one to cheer my solitude.'

We would warn our young friends, before parting with them, against indulging in an occasional coarseness of expression, with which some of their present essays are disfigured, as, we assure them, their style is sufficiently natural and lively without it.

Chronology of the Reigns of George the Third and George the Fourth, including every important fact of public interest; with a General Chronology from the earliest period. By W. J. BELSHAM. 32mo. Cumberland. London, 1828.

The plan of this little Work is such as to comprise within the smallest space, a record of the most important occurring facts within the period named; and on examining its pages, we are bound to say, that brief as the record of each must necessarily be, it is nevertheless clear, intelligible, and sufficiently adapted, in all respects, to the purpose of reference, combining accuracy with facility of research, and recommending itself by all the qualities requisite to excellence in such a Work.

Italian Vengeance, and English Forbearance, a Romance. London. A. K. Newman. 3 vols., 1828.

This is a Novel after the style of the 'Mysteries of Udolpho,' and has all the faults of overflowing description, and glaring affectation of sentiment, which distinguish that work. To those who can take pleasure in the perusal of such compositions, the one before us will be found to possess its share of interest; but we are a little surprised that Mr. Newman does not endeavour to improve his stock by employing the pen of good second-rate novelists, who would supply him with tales as interesting as any of his present collection, and much more likely to extend the number of his customers. Walter Scott, and the other popular writers of fiction, cannot supply the insatiable appetite of the public, for novelties in this kind of reading, and we should be glad to see the field taken by authors, who, though without the highest qualities for the undertaking, would furnish amusement, and yet avoid doing violence to good taste or propriety of feeling.

LA REINE DE QUINZE ANS.

At the Théâtre de Madame (the most lucrative concern by the way of any in Paris) a Vaudeville, under this title, was produced, taken from an incident that occurred in the early life of Christian of Sweden. The Queen's character was extremely well designed, and many of the scenes were of a masterly character. Its success was complete, and does honour to the author, M. Bayard.

NEW MUSIC.

'Les Charmes de Londres,' Rondeau brillant, précédé d'une Introduction, pour le Piano-forte, composé et dédié à Miss Cockerell. Par J. Moschelle, (Œuvre 74.) Cramer and Co., 3s. 6d.

The simple announcement of this publication will be recommendation sufficient, without our offering any tribute of praise; we, therefore, briefly assert that it is worthy a place in every lady's musical portfolio. Mr. Moschelle's 'Charmes,' comprise an Andante Espressivo, in 9-8 time, of two pages, and a Rondeau Allegro, in 6-8 time, of nine pages; both in the key of A. It may be unnecessary to add, that it requires a good performer upon the piano-forte to do it justice; but it will repay the amateur who is willing to bestow industry upon it.

The Emerald Isle, a National Song and Chorus, sung by Mr. Blewitt, at The Benevolent Sons of St. Patrick, composed and dedicated to his Grace the Duke of Leinster, and the Irish Nation, as a token of gratitude. By J. Blewitt. Goulding, 2s.

THE Irish nation cannot but feel proud of Mr. Blewitt's magnificent offering, and we are surprised that all the lads of the shamrock in the parish of St. Giles, &c., are not constantly rendering his National Song, (by their patronage,) as popular as 'Cherry Ripe.' The words are by D. O'Meara, and the music, a parody upon Father Luke's song in the Poor Soldier, 'Ballianona Oro,' in fact, the concluding passage of the song, (as well as of the chorus,) is precisely the same, as to notes, key, and time, with that old tune.

Joseph Haydn's celebrated Ox Minuet. Arranged for the Piano-forte, with the anecdote of its origin. Price for ONE performer, 2s.; for TWO performers, 3s. Ever and Johanning.

WE are not quite certain of the exact meaning of that proverbial expression, a 'Cock and a Bull Story,' (and we must entreat pardon for employing so homely a phrase,) but the following tale irresistibly forces the expression upon our imagination, although it may be a very true story notwithstanding. We give it in the precise phraseology in which it is just published, viz.

ORIGIN OF 'THE OX MINUET.' (TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN, BY W. N. JAMES, Esq.)

'There is an anecdote related of 'The Ox Minuet,' which, as it is founded in fact, and is curious and exquisitely interesting, we translate from the German, for the edification of our readers:

'A Knight of the Steel, (vulgar, a butcher,) possessed in only, but very pretty, daughter; and this young bud of beauty had gone through the pleasing preliminaries of courtship, had been wooed and won by her enamoured swain, and on early day was fixed for her happy nuptials. The father of the maiden, (the knight as aforesaid,) not only gave his ready consent to the marriage, but, like a fond and dotting parent, was anxious that the event should be commemorated with becoming joy and festivity.

'For this purpose he bethought him of getting some music composed for the occasion, and, having often felt the witching strains of the immortal Haydn, he repaired to the celebrated musician, and told him the import of his errand. The kind Haydn smiled at the blunt but honest anxiety of the butcher, and, as there was a lady in the case, and she too a very pretty one, as a man of gallantry, no other alternative was left him than to produce, forthwith, a piece of music (which was to be a Minuet) for the occasion. Accordingly, the next day the butcher called, and Haydn handed over to him the precious gift.

'Haydn now conceived that his task was finished, but no such thing. The bridal day arrived, and the maiden and her lover were united. It was now the Butcher's turn to show his gratitude. He adorned the finest ox he possessed with flowers, garlands, and garlands, gilded the noble beast's horns with 'radiant gold,' and with an orchestra consisting of a dozen instruments, serenaded under the window of the Musician. Haydn, of course, recognised his own music, but what to make of the ox so fantastically adorned, he could not imagine. The Butcher hereupon solved the difficulty, in these words: "I thought, sir, that I could not prove my thankfulness for your beautiful minuet better, than by presenting you with the most beautiful of my oxen." The ox, after some ineffectual refusal on the part of Haydn, was at length accepted, but what the immortal Musician did with the noble animal, this history saith not. Truth it is, however, that the minuet, which was the occasion of its gift, has ever been justly admired, and that it was unanimously christened by Haydn and the Butcher, the Bride and Bridegroom, "The Ox Minuet," an appellation which bids fair to descend to posterity!

We first thought of making an abridgement of the narrative, but feared to destroy the 'exquisite' and touching simplicity with which the translator proposes to 'edify' his readers; we also thought of describing a beautiful lithographic sketch of the scene, which adorns the publication, and which is equally classical with the tale, but refer our readers to the windows of nearly all the music shops for that purpose. With respect to the Minuet itself, it is undoubtedly Haydn's, and every lover of his works should possess it.

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THE CLUBS OF LONDON.

Ne fidos inter amicos
Sit, qui dicta foras eliminet.

Hor. Epis. 5.

We are surprised that none of the Reviewers of the work lately published under the title of 'The Clubs of London,' have remarked how little there is about clubs in it, it being, in fact, hardly any thing more than a mere collection of anecdotes, some of which might perhaps have been picked up at clubs, but which might have been collected by a man who never belonged to, or, even, never visited a club. Those portions of the book, however, which relate directly to the professed subject of it, and partially bear out its title, are those of which we are most inclined to complain.

Brookes's is the only club even spoken of in the first volume, and of that the reader knows no more, when he has read the volume through, than he did before, except that it is not so select now as it was twenty or thirty years ago, and one or two other equally interesting things;—the rest is composed of anecdotes, stories, and disquisitions, some very amusing, some very stale, and some very stupid.

With the exception of a somewhat particular account of the Beefsteaks, of one or two literary clubs, and of the King of Clubs, the second volume consists of the most irrelevant matter, under the title of 'Supplementary Anecdotes.' The notice of the literary clubs affords the author an opportunity of venting his spleen against 'the Blues,' and of giving an amusing sketch of the Norwich 'Hole in the Wall,' but three-fourths of the matter under the head of 'The King of Clubs,' is about Lord Erskine and Curran, neither of whom was a member of it, so that, after all, the only club of which there is really an account, is 'The Beefsteaks,' and that we are inclined more particularly to notice, because the author has followed up that portion of his book which is most reprehensible, by more of the same matter, in a popular contemporary periodical.

From his own showing, it would appear that he is a member of the 'Sublime Society,' and from his own account, too, it would appear that gentlemen meet in that society, and under the protection of their mutual honour, step from the stage of common life, and say and do things which they would not say and do, if they dreamt of the possibility of having their words and actions, their 'quips and cranks,' reported to the world, with the *impartial* colouring of a kind friend to boot.

The author of this book has described with fidelity, we understand, the customs of the club, its history and localities; he has given its heraldic bearings and motto, and its Shakspearean motto; but, by some unaccountable oversight, has omitted its Horatian-motto, which we have inserted at the head of this article, and which is painted in gold letters on a board, 'omnium ante oculos,' in the place of a mirror over the fireplace in the refectory of the society. But it appears to be a mirror that he did not choose to look into! and which he could not have transcribed, without being asked, by every one who read his book, the following simple questions:—'How is it possible, Sir, that, besides the tacit understanding among gentlemen, that they are not liable to have their words and actions exposed to the world, in such a society as you describe the "Beefsteaks" to be, and with the seal that this motto must put on the lips of every man of honour?—how is it, Sir, that you can relate what passes at its sittings, and hold up to ridicule those whose wit and good temper make them bear things in them, which, elsewhere, would tend to lower them in public opinion, and show them in any thing but their true colours?'

It appears to be the custom of this club, for the members to put each other's good-humour to the utmost proof, by bringing ridiculous charges, misrepresenting incidents, or mischievously playing upon names, citing false readings of any thing that may have been published by any one of themselves, and, indeed, saying the most severe things that the imagination of wits can devise. All this is not merely amusing, but, like the asperities of a Spartan education, which brought brute courage to the highest pitch, this, by a similar mental process, sharpens the moral courage, and teaches a man his real powers and capabilities.

Now, in the book in question, several of the members are 'shown up' in caricature, as they appear in the convivial and animated meetings of the club; and their characters, as men of the world, deduced from the light-hearted ease and unbent carelessness with which they comport themselves in the circumstances just described. One gentleman, whose very wordiness is wit, who was never suspected of dullness, and who is honoured with the friendship and confidence of a distinguished person who admits not the companionship of the silly—he is represented as garrulous, stupid and ignorant; at least, such is the impression conveyed to the mind of the reader, though the elevated character of the man is certainly admitted, but not till the author has exhausted himself in the attempt to make him appear ridiculous. Another, whose friendship is deemed an honour by all who are favoured with it, whose opinions are always listened to with attention and respect, and whose excellent and polished taste, with regard to the drama, the fine arts, and polite literature, has distinguished him through life,—he is misrepresented in the most ill-natured and, indeed, ridiculous manner.

But it is hardly worth while to enter into detail, (and it certainly is not necessary, for the honour and reputation of that gentleman;) for absurdities in this case, as well as in most others, carry their own refutation with them, and, fortunately for the Beef-steak Society, their literary dinner has quite obliterated the likenesses, in his anxiety to make a clever caricature. Still the meanness with which we charge him, in exposing to the public gaze what every man of proper feeling, even without an implied injunction, would have held sacred, is not lessened by the harmlessness in which it results.

The author has spoken of several gentlemen who retired from the club, and has, generally, hinted at what induced them to do so; but he has omitted to speak of a quondam member, who was called upon, by an official letter from the Secretary, to refute, from his seat at the board, certain reports in general circulation, or resign; and who, in consequence, was compelled to resign his seat at the board of 'Beef and Liberty!' He cannot suppose, that the dullest reader of his book will imagine that *he himself* remains a Member of the 'Steaks;' and every one will naturally enquire why *he* quitted so pleasant a Society!

We should not have thought it worth while to notice these things at all, but that we find it has excited a strongly indignant feeling among those gentlemen who have had the honour of dining at the 'Beefsteak Club' as visitors; for all the world would immediately conclude that the materials of this book had been gathered from one and another of them by some bookmaker; as it would be thought impossible for a man who had once stood so high as to be eligible to become a member of that Club, ever to fall so low as to be guilty of the meanness of repeating, and for filthy lucre too, by means of the public press, what passed within the walls of his Club-room, and with the words staring him in the face every time he sat down there,

Ne fidos inter amicos
Sit, qui dicta foras eliminet.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE third Concert of the present season took place on Monday evening last, when a very superior selection of pieces was excellently performed. M. Spagnoletti led with his accustomed energy and ability, and Bishop presided at the Piano-forte;—the ten pieces were played and sung in the following order.

No. 1.—Beethoven's grand and difficult Sinfonia in C minor, which employed every instrumental performer to the highest pitch of his animation and exertion for five-and-thirty minutes. The magnificent second movement, in A flat 3-8 time, excited the most lively attention, and was (as usual at these concerts) admirably performed; in this andante, the very interesting and unexpected episode of 'La Folie d'Espagne,' was in particular admired, as well as the ingenious crescendo and decrescendo passages of contrary motion in the harmonies, for flute, two oboes, and two clarionets; it was by some few persons encored, but their partial desire was not complied with. The following remarkable mistake took place, which, we imagine, could not be known to any person but those engaged in the Orchestra; a very principal and clever performer, upon a wind instrument, led off a striking solo passage *one bar too soon*, which passage is written to be repeated by all the other wind instruments. Had they not immediately followed as usual, the error would have been fatal; but (as a flock of sheep follow their leader through a hedge) they took up their respective points, at the customary distances from each other; the whole Orchestra followed their example, and, therefore, one bar is still owing to the audience! We notice this, not so much for the purpose of exposing the error, (of which the performer himself is still unconscious, and which arose out of his extreme anxiety to give the passage its due effect,) but rather to show the admirable adroitness with which the well-practised band accommodated themselves to circumstances. The leader's look of astonishment and horror, when he could not but anticipate a break down, was, however, highly interesting!—The minuets of this sinfonia are too extravagant to be pleasing, and the last movement too noisy; for example, the concluding twenty-nine bars are composed wholly upon the chord of C, in which every instrument is brought into requisition to create as much clamour as possible.

No. 2, was Cimarosa's beautiful Recitativo and Aria, 'Del parlato,' from 'Il Sacrificio d'Abraham,' sung by a very clever debutante from the Musical Academy, Miss Childe. A volume of well-deserved applause, from every unbiased person in, as well as out of, the orchestra, bore testimony to her deserts. She will, we doubt not, become an ornament to the English vocal school; if Velluti has been her instructor, he has not vitiated her taste and style, as he has been accused of doing, with some other pupils of the Academy.

No. 3—Quintetto, two violins, viola, violoncello, and contra basso—Messrs. Weichsell, Watta, Oury, Lindley, and Dragonetti; written by Onslow, a very clever and classical composer, living in Paris, and said to be related to the English Onslow family. Dragonetti's surprising and magnificent support, (forming a liberal basis,) produced the most novel and astonishing effect, commanding the most profound attention from all his auditors. The whole piece was exceedingly beautiful, but rather too long and complicated for a Concert room. The slow movement in A flat, commenced with a delightful solo by Lindley, and, in the last movement in F minor, Weichsell's staccato bow was particularly noticed, as well as Oury's successful imitation of it. Mr. Weichsell's appearance in the front was hailed with immense applause, and his chaste style, and clear execution, if, perhaps, not so specious and seductive as those of some violinists of notoriety, was valued as it deserved to be.

Rossini's exquisite Terzetto, 'Cruda sorte,' from his 'Ricciardo e Zoraide,' was the fourth piece, performed by Madame Puzzi, Miss Childe, and Mr. Braham; and although it may be scarcely possible again to hear it sung as it was at the King's Theatre, by Colbran, Vestris, and Signor Garcia, yet the present performance was highly interesting. Madame Puzzi's stature, as she appeared between her two short companions, was so remarkable, that she was said, by some wits of the audience, to have not only one *Childe* at her side, but one on *each* side. The sequence of equivocal chords, at the conclusion of this trio, produces a magical climax, and its effect was duly appreciated.

The act concluded with Cherubini's very striking, and remarkably original, overture to *Anacreon*. The splendid effect produced by this overture, at the Philharmonic Concerts in the year 1817, gave it and the Society unusual popularity; in fact, to such an extent as to induce our present Sovereign, then Prince Regent, to honour the old Argyle Rooms with his presence to hear its performance, when his Majesty, (who is well known to be an admirer, a connoisseur, and a performer, of music,) expressed his most flattering approbation of it. Accordingly, in the year 1818, (May 25,) he repeated his visit, and desired the overture to *Anacreon* to be repeated. This, of course, was promised to be complied with; but some of the then directors, in opposition to the rest, insisted that it should be played at the end of the second act, instead of concluding the first, although it was known that the Regent intended to leave the Concert at an early period, being engaged elsewhere. The consequence was, that their Royal patron retired without hearing the performance which he had especially desired, and, (as might be expected,) he has never given the conductors of the Argyle Rooms another opportunity of slighting his wishes.

Haydn's 10th Sinfonia, in E flat, was the sixth piece, commencing the second act; and, however perfect and chastely written his sinfonias may be, some greater novelty would have been more acceptable. The calm and soothing slow movement in G 3-4 time was well performed, especially the episodical quartett, by flute, oboes, and bassoon, but the theme of the last movement (although quite '*à la Haydn*') is rather trifling. It has often been noticed that many of his themes in 2-4 time are formed by a succession of bars, in which three unison-quavers are followed by two semiquavers, resembling, for example, the old Scotch tune, 'The White Cockade,' a style not sufficiently noble for a grand sinfonia.

No. 7.—Recitativo ed Aria, Mr. Braham, 'Ciel che profonda,' with violin and viola obbligato, (M. Spagnoletti and M. Oury,) composed by Paer. This scena, we believe, is new in this country, and, although not very original, is a clever composition. In the recitativo, the crowded passages for the wind instrument mixed rather confusedly with the voice, and, in some measure, obscured the design; but, in the aria larghetto, 'Dolce oggetta,' (in E flat, common time,) the pleasing clarinet, bassoon, and horn solos, (which were all well played,) the author's melody was thought very pleasing. It must be unnecessary to say, that the violin and tenor solos were done ample justice to, by Spagnoletti and Oury, and that the song was quite well sung; Spagnoletti exhibited his flute-like tones to striking advantage in his cadenza, and Braham sang as well as ever.

The Eighth piece was an 'Air Varié pour le hautbois, avec accompagnement d'Orchestra, composée par J. Vogt,' and exceedingly well performed by the author. A fine and delightful strain of harmony pervaded the whole composition; and all the auditors, amateurs, and professors, seemed divided in their opinion as to which they should most admire, his writing, his performance, or the art with which he subdued so ungracious, ungrateful, and unwelcome an instrument as the oboe.

No. 9.—Mozart's unequalled vocal Duet, 'Ah perdona,' from 'La Clemenza di Tito,' was well sung by Madame Puzzi and Mr. Braham, excepting only their cadenza *en duo*, which was in the worst possible taste.

The performance concluded with the highest *éclat*, by Weber's characteristic Overture to 'Der Freischütz,' and although we missed the extraordinary energy and enthusiasm which poor Kiesewetter used to display in this Overture, it still went off admirably on the present occasion, and thus concluded a concert scarcely to be surpassed for brilliancy and powerful effect.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

English Opera House—Monday.

A Musician, who was also a man of wit, speaking of the comedies of Marivaux, a specimen of which the French company exhibited this evening, observed: 'They are beautiful variations of the air, *Je ne vous dirai pas que j'aime*. In fact, the whole art of this author, who, with Lachaussee, at the beginning of the 18th century, opened a new field for comedy, consists in keeping back as much as possible those gentle declarations which are usually made towards the conclusion of the piece. The plot of all his plays, turns uniformly on a single word, which is obstinately kept in the back ground till the end; but which is no secret, as the audience and the other characters are in possession of it from the very beginning.

In his play of *Les jeux de l'Amour et du Hazard*,* the principal character is a lover who disguises himself as a valet, in order to have frequent opportunities of studying the real character of his intended. The lady, however, is not behind hand with him: for she, without knowing the intention of her lover, engages in a similar whim, and assumes the garb and profession of her own lady's maid. In order to complete this pleasant masquerade, a booby valet assumes the dress of the lover, his master; and the lady's maid decks herself out in the attire of her mistress. *Dorante*, Daudel, and *Silvia*, Falcoz, become desperately in love with each other; and *Pasquin*, Perlet, and *Lisette*, Daudel, interchange very tender compliments, each highly flattered with the idea of captivating a person of superior rank.

A critic of established reputation has passed a censure on this piece, merely on the ground that it is a bad example, to exhibit on the stage a person of respectability, who falls in love with a valet after a very short acquaintance. 'The disguise,' says he, 'furnishes no excuse, because we must know, that this pretended valet is not really one; but the lady knows it not, and consequently,' he adds, 'there is an actual degradation and a want of delicacy of a very dangerous tendency.' But, in spite of the authority of La Harpe, this pretended breach of delicacy is, in our opinion, not so great a defect as the improbability of the plot, and the strange mixture of metaphysical refinements, with vulgar language, far-fetched sentiments, and colloquial vulgarisms, that occur at every instant. This improbability of plot, which the greatest talents cannot palliate was the cause that the absurdities of *Pasquin*, however they might force a smile by means of the skilful delivery of Perlet, tended only to produce a feeling of contempt and pity for such coarse and overcharged exhibitions. Such a character is not adapted to Perlet, whose style of acting is always natural and correct; and though he was excellent in the scene with his master, and in that of the declaration, (because in these scenes Marivaux catches the tone of true comedy,) yet he could not, with all his ability, produce any thing beyond a grotesque caricature in scenes similar to that which begins with this impudent question:

* The managers put in their bills *Les jeux d'Amour*, &c. which is a *double entendre*, as well as a grammatical error.

'*Mon portemanteau et toi, avez vous été bien reçu dans cette maison?*'

But if the fable of Marivaux's pieces is improbable, and the style of his dialogue affected and stiff, it must be acknowledged that he excels in the delineation of the female heart. Mademoiselle Falcoz has, in this respect, done justice to the character, and poured truth and nature nearly all the nice and delicate shades which discriminate the struggles of Silvia's love. Her passion seems gradually to grow upon her, and to reach its acmé at the moment when *Dorante*, unconscious of being loved, is about to take his leave. We are inclined to think that Mdle. Falcoz was defective in animation in the second act, and in the first love scene; but she recovered herself in that of the declaration, and appeared to greater advantage in the parting scene. Daudel, who performed *Dorante*, disguised as a valet, was, with the exception of a very few moments of indecision, excellent in the part. Madame Daudel was quite at home in the part of *Lisette*. Messrs. St. Firmin and Alfred had insignificant characters allotted to them, and we cannot compliment them in the words of the poet—

'*Sous leurs brillantes mains
Le cuivre devient or.*'

The performances of the evening commenced with 'La seconde Botanique,' a very ancient, but amusing Vaudeville, and concluded very humorously with 'Les deux Précepteurs,' from which the farce of the 'Irish Tutor' is borrowed.

King's Theatre—Tuesday.

WE are aware that a portion of the public entertain a most favourable opinion of the 'Crociato,' in its present revived state; nevertheless, we do not hesitate to say, that the third representation of this opera has not at all altered the opinion we have already expressed of its tameness and want of general effect, compared with the racy and perfect style in which it was originally produced. In the character of Armando, there are parts which are too low for the imperfections of Madame Pasta's deeper notes; there were, for instance, portions of that magnificent duett with Curioni, 'Va già varcasti,' wherein we saw her lips move, but the tones were too faint to reach us. How different the whole of this part from that of Tancredi! which came to the aid of Armando after the third night, and produced, as usual, one of the most crowded houses of the season. We are sensible of the difficulties with which the Managers have at present to contend in their search after novelty; notwithstanding every exertion on their part, in the production of two entirely new operas and two revivals before Easter, they have made, as yet, no decided hit (to use a theatrical phrase) since the opening in January. The report of Mademoiselle Sontag's visit is renewed, with the addition of Zuchelli. We may therefore anticipate the production of a good comic opera, which the present state of the company will certainly not allow.

After a lapse of three weeks, we have had another opportunity of hearing Madame Schutz, as 'La Clemenza di Tito' was represented, for the third time, on Tuesday. This lady's performance in *Seato*, has considerably improved since her first appearance. Her voice, although occasionally hard, appeared clearer, and we observed less of that redundancy of shake, of which we had formerly to complain. This lady has probably, in the interval, discovered that the exuberances indulged in by the majority of the present German *prime donne* will not please on the boards, on which Pasta and Velluti have been recently heard and seen. With Madame Pasta constantly before her, and with the complete knowledge of music which Madame Schutz possesses, she cannot fail to improve in style, as well as in purity of execution. As an actress, she needs no

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instruction; she treads the stage gracefully, and her conception of the character was excellent; but a certain want of expression in the countenance detracted considerably from the general effect. The recitativo obbligato 'Oh Dei che smania è questa,' was acted as well as sung in a very superior manner, and drew forth continued marks of approbation. Her air, 'Parto ma tu ben mio,' was interspersed with several bold embellishments; several of which, however, fell short of the effect intended.

The rest of the opera went off in a manner creditable to all the parties, Madame Caradori was in good voice, but omitted, for what reason we know not, the air 'Non piu di fiori.' The overture was admirably executed, and with a precision far surpassing the first performance. The drums of the Orchestra, at the commencement of the march in the early part of the first act, were again not in tune.

A new divertissement was produced between the acts of the opera, coupled with the unpleasant intelligence, that we are immediately to lose Albert. Whether this artist determined on Tuesday to make us more sensible of our impending privation, we do not know; but never did he appear to dance with more force or grace than in this little piece.

MODEL OF THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA'S SALT MINE.

THERE are some exhibitions of which the character is such, that the man and the child might well contend together for the right of exclusive enjoyment. In one kind of humour, we are disposed to quarrel with ourselves for being delighted at a pantomime; and in another, to abuse a man who could be fastidious and churlish enough to smile at our simplicity, in resigning ourselves to its dazzling and incoherent witchery. In the same manner, if we went to the Exhibition of the Imperial Salt Mine with the feelings of an artist, and a determination only to be pleased in a particular manner, we should come away in a very unfavourable disposition to make our report: but visiting it in good humour, with every attempt, however rude, to give information, we have been able to find no little amusement in this novel exhibition. Considering it, however, in its proper light, as especially adapted to interest the curiosity of children, it deserves a fair proportion of public encouragement. The models of the different chambers in the immense mine represented, appear to be faithful delineations, and present several very striking objects of attention. The construction, also, of a minute machinery, explaining the method of working the mine, is worthy of being mentioned, and the various little circumstances attending the interior arrangement of its different departments, are displayed with an instructive particularity, altogether; and, as pretending to no higher merit, this exhibition is as amusing and interesting a one for the young and the curious as is at present open.

MR. CARPENTER'S MICROCOSM, REGENT STREET.

THE merit of an exhibition is not always, we fear, a surety for its popularity; and we suspect that one of the most useful and interesting of those that have been opened in the metropolis, has been neglected for others of a very inferior description. The skill of the optician was never made more available to the amusement of the curious than by Mr. Carpenter. By the employment of fourteen microscopes, and those of great magnitude, he has opened anew that world within a world, of minute nature, over which his art exercises a sort of perpetual dominion; and we can recommend him as a skilful guide, and one prepared, with an almost magical power, to facilitate our researches through the fairy lands of Ephemerides, and among their gorgeous palaces of dews and flowers.

THE SOCIETY AND LITERATURE OF FRANCE BY A RESIDENT OF PARIS.

No. II.

Paris, March 14.

PUBLIC opinion limits the present number of real poets in France, to two, viz. M. M. de Béranger and Lamartine. The interval which separates them from M. Casimir Delavigne is considerable; for the latter must be regarded rather as an able rhetorician than a poet. He says common things with uncommon elegance, and he is a great favourite with the liberals. M. Delavigne has, however, just had the mortification to experience a great literary failure, in the ill-success of his comedy, entitled *La Princesse Aurélie*. Mademoiselle Mars played the Princess, but all the exertion of her talent was insufficient to compensate for the dulness of the piece. Allow me to tell you, in a few words, what the plot is. The heroine Aurélie, is the Princess of Salerno. Her father, at his death, appoints three ministers, with extraordinary powers, but who, notwithstanding, are to exercise the government nominally, under his daughter. One of the conditions of his will is, that she must not marry without the consent of the three Ministers. The Princess loves Count d'Avila, but, to remove all suspicion of her partiality, she treats him with much severity. She afterwards forms a plan for deceiving the three Ministers, by making each assume the character of a lover. These venerable statesmen are, of course, silly enough to fancy, that, notwithstanding their age, and their grey beards, they are perfectly well fitted to please a young Princess.

The moment, however, that this idea was unfolded, the audience began to hiss. The three Ministers are caricatures of Villèle, Cabrierre, and Peyronnet, from whose government France has lately been delivered. It will, therefore, not be surprising, that, when they were together, they were made to speak pretty freely of the bad deeds they had done, or intended to do. Thus the Princess's Finance Minister, M. Villèle, of Salerno, did not fail to boast that he had always taken care to mix up the Privy Purse with the Revenue of the State. However, the stale jokes of this description were not much relished, and the whole effect of the piece was very dull; in fact, we are at last convinced, that writing elegant verse, is not sufficient to make a Comedy. Fifty years ago, style was everything in our literature; the quality of the matter was a secondary consideration.

Many of the English now in Paris attend M. de Villemain's lectures, and, as I have been speaking of French literature, I may here observe, that this gentleman knows how to construct elegant phrases on all possible subjects. Twice a week a crowded audience listens attentively to this professor. I doubt whether there is in all Europe a course which can be compared to that of this young academician. He has recently refused a place offered by the Government worth 40,000 francs, (above 1600*l.*) per annum.

But you will ask, whether M. Villemain be a man of talent? He is doubtless an elegant and perspicuous writer, but, after all, he is only the Casimir Delavigne of prose. He has been a diligent student. Nobody knows better than he, how to make a good use of the ideas of others. He arranges them, modifies them, and dresses them up in a way which always pleases his audience; but he cannot be said to disclose any ideas which are properly his own. This is, perhaps, no great disadvantage to him as a public professor. He never penetrates to the bottom of a subject, but it is on that account, perhaps, that he is so successful in giving a pleasing and graceful form to what he does say. Wanting a solid basis, his opinions fluctuate. Five years ago, he pronounced Shakspeare a savage, who made all the Kings of the earth talk in the style of London tradesmen. But the fashion was since changed,

and he has changed with it; for he now calls Shakspeare the most energetic of tragic poets.

Two new reviews have just appeared. The 'Revue Trimestrielle,' by the learned Buchen, and the 'Revue Française,' by M. Guizot, author of the 'Histoire de deux derniers Stuarts,' of which I have already spoken.

Hitherto the books published at Paris have only been made known to the provinces by such notices as could find a place among the political articles of the daily journals. Now, were this question to be put to me:—Do you ever recollect to have seen, in those journals, a literary article, written in good faith, that is, according to the merits or demerits of the book, and influenced by any feeling of hostility or partiality towards the author?—I should, without hesitation, answer—No! I believe no one here ever heard of an article written on the principle which I am resolved shall govern me in writing for the 'ATHENÆUM,' namely, that of condemning a bad work, though it should be written by a friend, and expressing approbation of a good work, though written by an enemy.

Our newspaper articles have conferred reputation on several men of inferior talent. To speak only of the dead, they have made M. Esmeard, the author of verses entitled 'Navigation,' a great poet, and M. Girodet, who painted the 'Deluge,' a great painter. But the provinces begin to be tired of purchasing works on the faith of the authors themselves; for it is almost always the author, or an intimate friend, who writes the puffs of a book which appear in the journals.

Meanwhile, it may be asked, will the two reviews I have mentioned be more impartial than the other journals? Really, with every wish to do justice to the information and the talent of the editors, I must say, that I do not believe they will. We shall doubtless find the works, if not of the editors themselves, at least of their intimate friends, praised to the skies.

In the review edited by M. Buchen, there is an excellent article from the pen of Count Thibaudéau, in which he relates his own history, under the despotism of Buonaparte. M. Thibaudéau, who is now an exile in the Netherlands, is evidently the contemporary of Napoleon, whom fate has most peculiarly fitted for writing the history of that extraordinary man. He is the only writer who rightly understands his hero.

M. Thibaudéau is no admirer of the defunct Emperor. He has not followed him through the military part of his career; but, fortunately, General Jomini has given us a valuable military history of all Napoleon's battles. I earnestly advise you to read the four volumes of M. Thibaudéau's work which are already published. 'A History of the League, and Henry IV.,' written by M. Mignet, is expected to be ready about the end of the present year.

CRITO ON PHILODIKAIOS.

To the Editor of the *Athenæum*.

'The Lord deliver me from my friends.'

SIR,—I see your justice has published an answer, by Philodikaïos, to my letters on Mr. Lockhart, as a critic and original writer. It has frightened me out of my wits; and Mr. Lockhart must be charmed with his defender. It is only lucky for me, that I had quitted him altogether, (to use the writer's phrase,) or so irresistible an attack on myself, and so cogent a defence of his friend, must have terrified me from my undertaking. He, indeed, admits, (strangely for so hot a partisan,) almost every one of the faults I imputed to Mr. Lockhart, particularly as to his powers as a reviewer. He allows that he writes bad grammar, and has some bad sentences;* but this only shows his candour.

My object, however, in addressing you, is not to answer my answerer, but rather to admit the truth of one or two of his observations; and, as your printer

* With the first few letters, I was highly pleased.—*Athenæum*, p. 271.

is concerned, your justice will, I know, allow the insertion of this short letter.

Philodikaos says, justly, that the following sentence is distorted:—'Mr. Smith having merely mentioned some, which he most bitterly blamed, or allowed to be blamed, historical characters.' This is evidently a misprint, for the MS. wrote, 'Having merely mentioned some historical characters,' &c.†

Again, in the beautiful metaphor by Mr. Lockhart, of thoughts squeezing a man like iron fetters, in which, before it is ended, the thought is now fetters, now gloom, and now fetters again, the printer has, I own, made the critique almost as great nonsense as the metaphor. From an inadvertent omission of the original passage, respecting 'gloom,' (which, however, is set forth in the MS.,) it is, at least, unintelligible.

In one, and one only, observation of your very learned correspondent, (though, for a professed advocate, I think it rather a strange one,) I entirely concur. For I certainly do admit, that 'the absurdity of calling Mr. Lockhart the greatest critic of his time, because he is the Editor of the *Quarterly Review*,' is too puerile for serious animadversion.' Both Mr. Murray and Mr. Lockhart must be proud of their new ally, as you, Sir, no doubt, are of your new correspondent. Were I, as he supposes, instead of a mere honest critic, the real enemy of Mr. Lockhart, whom I have personally, I trust, treated with no disrespect, I could not wish better for my enmity, than that Philodikaos should write again.

CRITO.

RUSSIAN MUSIC, AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

The most brilliant accompaniment of the national poetry of the Russians is unquestionably its music. It will hardly be disputed that in this respect the Russians take the lead of almost every other nation. It divides their national songs into two classes, the harmonious and the melodious. The first, being almost all in the minor key, are of a slow and plaintive description; but the latter, being on the major key, are more quick and lively. Those of the old harmonious kind, which have mostly a melancholy character, form the true national music. They have something so soothing and enchanting in their composition, and in this respect are so adapted to the higher demands of scientific skill, that the celebrated Paisiello would not believe that they sprung spontaneously from the breasts of the common people, but supposed them to be the productions of some accomplished master. On this account he was of opinion that the national music was derived from some ancient and polished nation. Pratsche, also, found a remarkable resemblance between the melodies of the Russian choruses and the pretended fragment of the Pythian songs, which Father Kircher first discovered in the 16th century, in the library of a monastery near Messina, and published in his *'Musurgia Universalis'* in 1650. This fragment, as well as the Russian choruses, are in the style called by the Italians *canto fermo*.

The national airs of the Russians have great expression: that of the women consists of short advancing steps; that of the men is quick or slow, according to the sentiment which is to be expressed. The first languishment of love, the coyness of the fair one, her refusal, the entreaty for a hearing, her return, the progress of grief, her dissembled flight and coquetry, her relenting and gradual approach, in which she sometimes turns her shoulder, sometimes the side of her bosom towards her lover, the kindly glance, the rapturous embrace; in short, the whole progress of love is depicted in these dances with the utmost fidelity to nature. The circular dance is generally performed by bands of young women, without the other sex.

As the Russian church-music allows no instruments to be used in it, but consists of a chorus of eight voices, each voice being tutored for different parts, so the national songs were sung in preference, without the accompaniments of instruments; yet the Russians have a variety of musical instruments, to some of which a very ancient origin is ascribed.

The instrument most in vogue, at least formerly, and particularly among the Russian trading class, is called the *gusli*, or reclining harp, and which is not unlike a harpsichord in its form and management. The magicians of the ancient Staromians, who were supposed to possess the power of driving away evil spirits, worked on the fancy of the superstitious by means of music.

† N.B. I would advise Philodikaos to write an express critique on this last sentence of mine. For how can a manuscript write itself?

Hence they were also called *gusli-players*. The word *gusli*, in the Russian, is only used in the plural. The Servians, in singing, employ an instrument called the *gusla*, which has only one string of horse-hair stretched on it. As the harpsichord is also spreading among the middle class in Russia, the use of the old instrument is on the decline. It is now met with most frequently among the Cossacks of the Black Sea.

The *Balalaika* has some resemblance to the guitar, and appears to be the first rude attempt at that instrument. It is sometimes of a triangular, often of a round shape, one span and a half long, and one broad. Its long neck has two strings, attached to two pegs. Only one string is played by the left hand, the other serving as the bass-note. The *Gudok* is a sort of violoncello, with three strings, which is held, when the player sits, between the knees. Only one string is commonly used in playing it with the fingers, but all three are used with the bow. It is chiefly in use among elderly ladies, and is much liked by the Cossacks. The cow-horn, which has a mouth-piece like that in use among the Germans, is generally made of the bark of trees, and strongly girt round with brass-wire. The number of finger-notes varies from three to seven. On the lower side of the instrument, about an inch above the higher finger-note, is an opening for the thumb. The tone of this instrument is wild and thrilling. It is not only used by shepherds, but also by labourers in the field, as an accompaniment to the voice; by sailors on the sea, and by peasants in the ale-house. Guthrie thinks the Siberian hunting-horn is like the Salpinx of the Greeks. It consists of two carved wooden tubes, which are joined to each other, and curiously covered with the bark of trees. The shalm or reed-pipe is usually made of reeds, or, in the spring, of the willow, although it looks as if made of wood; sometimes it has a mouth-piece, and sometimes is played like a flute, through the opening on the upper side. The description which Horace gives of the shalm of the ancient Greeks, is still applicable to the reed-pipe of the Russian:

'Tibia non, ut nunc, orichalco vincta tubeque
Æmula, sed tenuis simplexque foramine parvo
Adspirat ædese chorus erat utilis.'

The double flute consists of two reeds, of various, and sometimes of similar, tones, and can be fastened together, more or less loosely, at the pleasure of the player. On old coins and vessels of the Greeks and Romans, and particularly on representations of sacrifices, a youth is often depicted holding in each of his hands a pipe, similar to this, and blowing on it.

The Pandean harp is a fac-simile of the Lyreux of the ancients, and consists of seven reeds of unequal length. The bagpipe in Great Russia is called *Wolynka*, because they became acquainted with the instrument in Wolynia. The people of Little Russia give it the name of *kosá* (gyat). It is the favourite instrument of the various races of Finnish origin.

The *Loski* consists of two wooden spoons, which have bells attached at the upper end, and are either struck together, as in military music, as an accompaniment to other instruments, or, lifted up in the air, are wheeled round by themselves. Guthrie traces their resemblance to the *crotalum* of the ancients, which consisted of a bar of metal in the form of a cross, having bells fastened to it. We may also mention the usual music of the miners in Siberia; two of the mining boys perform the musician, one of whom, with a large blunt knife, or piece of iron, strike on a thin iron plate, in various measure, according to the nature of the dance; the other boy strikes the bass, with a stick, on a thick piece of iron plate that hangs suspended in the air, or else stamps on a large iron kettle.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Temperature registered at 9 A.M. and 9 P.M.	March.	Therm. A.M. P.M.	Barom. at Noon.	Winds.	Weather.	Prevailing Cloud.
Wed. 19	56°	45½°	29. 10	W. high	Clear.	Cumulus.
Thur. 20	49	49	28. 96	S.W.	Cloudy.	Cirr. Nimb.
Friday. 21	47½	44	28. 52	S.W.	Ditto.	Do. Cumul.
Satur. 22	50	49	28. 72	S.W.	Ditto.	Cum. Nimb.
Sun. 23	50	40	28. 91	Variable	Clear.	Cum. Cirros.
Mon. 24	47½	41	29. 34	N.W.	Ditto.	Cirr. Nimb.
Tues. 25	45	39½	29. 43	NW to N	Cloudy.	Ditto

Rain on Thursday, P.M. Rain and hail on Friday, Monday, Tuesday, P.M. Sleet on Saturday. Rain during the nights of Thursday and Saturday.

Astronomical Observations.

The sun entered Aries on the 26th, at 13 min. to 3 P.M.
The moon and Saturn in conjunction on 24th at 20 min. past 7 A.M.
Sun's longitude on the 25th, 4° 56' 16" in Aries.
Sun's declination on the 25th, 1° 25' N.
Length of day on the 25th, 12h, 26 min.

INDEX TO THE FIRST QUARTERLY PART OF THE ATHENÆUM.

THE general complaint made against the Indexes, of periodical works especially, is that they are not sufficiently copious to answer the purpose of facilitating references to the body of the work, to which they are appended. The reason of this undoubtedly is, that they are made to extend over too long a period, as well as condensed into too small a space; it being quite impossible, within the compass of three or four pages, (the usual length of periodical Indexes,) to include the mention of a fourth part of the miscellaneous contents of a volume embracing the publications of an entire year.

To remedy this defect, and to make the Indexes of the *'Athenæum'* both frequent and copious, we have determined on giving an index of three pages, with the last number of each three months, and a title-page in the first number of the following month, (including each in the body of the number, to enable them to be sent by post under the same cover throughout the country,) so as to form a complete Quarterly Part, capable of being put up in boards for preservation, as the half volumes or parts of Encyclopedias, and other great works; and then of being bound either in quarterly, half-yearly, or annual volumes, as the subscribers may severally prefer: it being intended to begin each year with No. 1, so as to have the volumes designated by the number and year, instead of the number and volume, thus making each year complete within itself, and avoiding the inconvenience of broken sets.

On a comparison of a Quarterly Part of *'The Athenæum'*, with an *'Edinburgh'*, or *'Quarterly Review'*, it will be found to contain at least four times the quantity of writing, in the same proportion of original and extracted matter, while it is little more than double the price. We mention this chiefly to show that its increased frequency of publication has been attended with a proportionate reduction of price to the reader, which makes *'The Athenæum'* not only the most comprehensive, but also the cheapest periodical in existence. Of its comparative merits in other respects, as our readers are likely to be more impartial judges than ourselves, we shall be silent, except in the reiteration of our pledge, that nothing shall be wanting, on our part, to make *'The Athenæum'* worthy the distinguished approbation it has already so abundantly and unequivocally received.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

Punch and Judy, second edition, illustrated by George Cruikshank, with twenty-four etchings and four wood-cuts, pp. 8vo., 9s.
Horsfield's Lepidopterous Insects of India, royal 4to., part 1, to be completed in six parts, 1l. 11s. 6d.
Magendie's Memoir on some recent Discoveries in the Nervous System, 18mo., 1s. 6d.
Soane's Works, consisting of Designs of Public and Private Buildings, fifty-six plates, royal folio, 3l. 3s.
Shepherd's Elucidation of the Common Prayer, new edition, 2 vols., 8vo., 18s.
Twenty Plain and Practical Sermons, 12mo., 5s. 6d.
Burdor's Supplement, twenty-seven new editions, 32mo., 1s. 6d.
Dying Sayings of Eminent Christians, &c. by Ingram Cobbin, A.M., 12mo., 6s.
Elements of Arithmetic for Children, on a plan entirely new, by Ingram Cobbin, A.M., second edition, 12mo., 1s. 6d.
A Practical Survey of the Faculties of the Human Mind, &c., 12mo., 2s. 6d.
Churchill's Treatise on Acupuncture, with an Appendix of Cases, 12mo., 7s.
The Appendix, 12mo., 3s. 6d.
Earl of Shrewsbury's Reasons for not Taking the Test, &c., 1 vol., 8vo., 9s.
Brown's Select Views of Royal Palaces in Scotland, with Descriptions by Dr. Jamieson, part 1, 7s. 6d.
Millar's Philosophy of History, vols. 7 and 8, 8vo.
The Friend of Youth, 18mo., 3s. 6d.
Murray's Life of Samuel Rutherford, 18mo., 4s. 6d.
Bowick's Life of John Erskine, Baron of Dun, 12mo., 2s.
The Life of John Eliot, 18mo., 3s. 6d.
The Constitution of Friendly Societies, with Rules and Tables examined, authenticated, by Ward and Morgan, and the Rev. J. T. Beecher, M.A., 2s. 6d.
Quarterly Review, No. 74.
The Casket of Literary Gems, 2 vols., 8vo., 17s.

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